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GUIDE FROM GLASGOW,  
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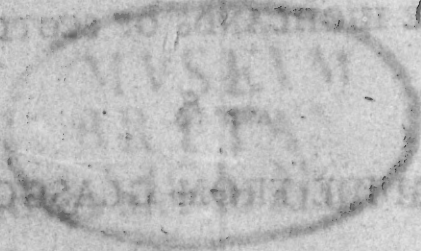


GUIDE FROM CLASSICAL

TO THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

OF THE

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



TO THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

JAMES MAYNE

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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A

# GUIDE FROM GLASGOW,

TO

SOME OF THE MOST REMARKABLE

Scenes

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

AND TO

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

BY

JAMES M'NAYR.

*R.*

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*Thou, Nature, art my Goddess!—*

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GLASGOW,

Printed in the Courier Office.

1797.

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# GUIDE FROM GLASGOW

SOME OF THE MOST REMARKABLE

SCENES

IN THE ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND



JAMES MAXYR

GLASGOW

PRINTED BY THE GLASGOW PRESS

1892



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## PREFACE.

It is with the utmost diffidence that the Author ventures to lay before the Publick, in the following sheets, the result of an opinion, which he has long entertained, that a Guide to some of those scenes in the Highlands and other parts of Scotland, which have been the most celebrated for their grand and picturesque beauties, might, besides being useful, conduce to cherish that spirit for visiting them, which, originating with Mr. Pennant, has since, been gradually diffusing itself over the island.

As the province of a Guide ought, perhaps, to be confined to the exhibition, only, of the most prominent features of the objects to which he conducts his company, leaving to speculative curiosity the pleasure arising from minute investiga-

*tion, it was the Author's original intention, instead of endeavouring to make the scenes he has delineated*

*"Live in description and look green in prose," to content himself with merely communicating such incidental information, as, without diminishing the pleasure of the traveller, might relieve him from many tedious and unavailing inquiries on the road; but he soon found, that it was not easy to forego the expression of his feelings, on retracing scenes which he had often seen with unabated admiration, and redoubled delight.*

*That the tour \* sketched out in the following pages, will prove highly gratifying to travellers of every description would, perhaps, be saying too much; but the enthusiastick admirer of the sublime and beautiful of Nature, will there, doubtless, discover ample room for the indulgence of his fancy and the gratification of his taste. The valetudinarian, to whom exercise and a change of air have been recommended, may, in the purity of the waters, and the salubrity of the air, kept in perpetual circulation by the multiplicity of brooks*

\* Comprehending, besides the Troshachs and the new road to Lanark and Falls of the Clyde, nearly all that Mr. Pennant includes in what he calls the *petit tour* of Scotland; and describes as "a tract unparalleled for the variety and frequency of fine and magnificent scenery."

which murmur through the vales, find a renovation of his health. The man of business, wishing to unbend from anxious cares; and, the man of literature, desirous of relaxation from fatiguing study, may, in the succession of ideas, founded on the constant change of objects, and the matchless scenes of hills heaped o'er hills, and rocks enthroned on rocks, experience an expansion of mind, which cannot but rouse them to the most rapturous admiration; and all of them will return deeply penetrated with the omnipotency of that Intelligence, who put to flight

“ Primeval silence, when the morning stars

“ Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball.”\*

To travellers of whatever description, the condition of the roads, and the accommodation at the inns, those necessary resting places designed to relieve their weariness, and administer to their wants, are objects of no inconsiderable moment. It will not, therefore, be here deemed improper to mention, as an additional incitement to this tour, that the roads are, in general, excellent; the accommodation at the inns, in every respect, equal to what is to be found at those on any similar roads, of the same extent, in England; and that the Scottish innkeepers, besides being, probably, better informed than those of the same order in the southern part of the island, are, at least, equal in attention, civility of manners, and am-

\* Young.



bition to give the best entertainment in their power, on reasonable terms.

The most proper season for making this little tour of Scotland, is, from the middle of July till the end of August; then even

“ The desert joys

“ Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds,”\*  
then the mountains are clothed with verdant and purple vegetation; and the woods and the trees which impend from their sides, and grace the banks of the rivers and the lakes, are then luxuriantly arrayed in all the pomp of foliage.

At this season too, the weather is, in general, warmer; the roads in better order; and a greater plenty and variety of provisions are to be had, than at any other period of the year.

Glasgow, May, 1797.

\* Thomson.

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## A GUIDE

*From Glasgow to Stirling, by Cumbernauld.*

Twenty-six miles.

**T**ILL you approach the environs of Stirling, the road between it and Glasgow, by Cumbernauld, now the best and shortest, exhibits few objects sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of a traveller. The country, however, is, in general, tolerably well cultivated, and enlivened with some gentlemen's seats.

About three miles from Glasgow, you cross the Monkland Canal by a draw-bridge, and soon afterwards reach Hogganfield loch. Doubling the western shore of this loch, and continuing your rout for about a mile, you pass Frankfield house, situate on the south side of a small lake, of the same name, the property of Mr. Miller. About a mile beyond it, you reach, on the left, Garnkirk, the property of Mr. Johnston, so covered with trees as to be scarcely visible; and, about two miles onward, on the same side, the ancient house of Bedlay, likewise the property of Mr. Johnston. Proceeding still eastward, about a mile beyond Bedlay, you descry, on your left, the ruins of the tower of Banheath, once the residence of the Earls of Kilmarnock. Four miles beyond Banheath, at a little distance from the road, on your



right, you pass the village of Cumbernauld, and Cumbernauld house,\* the seat of Lord Elphinston; and, in their neighbourhood, surrounded by woods, Castlecarry, the property of Lord Dundas. Nearly a mile beyond Castlecarry, the Great Canal, uniting the estuaries of the Forth and the Clyde, intersects the road; and will, no doubt, prove an interesting and animating object, to those who delight in estimating the benefits resulting to their country from an extended commerce.

At Herbertshire, about eighteen miles from Glasgow, you cross the Carron, a bold and rapid stream. Here you enter upon classick ground. It was on

\* The inn of Cumbernauld, the first stage from Glasgow, stands upon your left, nearly opposite to Cumbernauld house.

the north bank of this river that, according to Ossian, Caros or Carausius, the noted usurper, who, in 284, assumed the purple, and, seizing on Britain, defeated the Emperor Maximian Herculus, was himself defeated by Oscar the son of Ossian, while repairing the Roman wall, now commonly called Grahame's Dyke.

' Oscar passed the night among his  
' fathers; grey morning met him on  
' Carun's banks. A green vale sur-  
' rounded a tomb, which arose in the  
' times of old. Little hills lift their  
' head at a distance, and stretch their  
' old trees to the wind. The warriors  
' of Caros sat there, for they had pas-  
' sed the stream by night. They ap-  
' peared like the trunks of aged pines  
' to the pale light of the morning.

' Oscar stood at the tomb, and raised  
 ' thrice his terrible voice. The rocking  
 ' hills echoed around. The starting  
 ' roes bounded away; and the trem-  
 ' bling ghosts of the dead fled, shriek-  
 ' ing, on their clouds. So terrible was  
 ' the voice of my Son, when he called  
 ' his friends!

' A thousand spears arose around;  
 ' the people of Caros rose. My Son  
 ' beheld the approach of the foe; he  
 ' stood in the silent darkness of his  
 ' strength.' "Am I alone," said Os-  
 car, "in the midst of a thousand  
 "foes? Many a spear is there! Ma-  
 "ny a darkly rolling eye! Shall I fly  
 "to Ardven? But did my fathers  
 "fly? The mark of their arm is in a  
 "thousand battles. Oscar too shall be  
 "renowned! Come, ye dim ghosts of



" my fathers, and behold my deeds in  
 " war! I may fall; but I will be re-  
 " nowned like the race of the echoing  
 " Morven." ' He stood, growing in his  
 ' place, like a flood in a narrow vale!  
 ' The battle came, but they fell: bloody  
 ' was the sword of Oscar.' \*

On the banks of the Carron, too, tra-  
 dition lays the scene of the celebrated  
 Scottish tragick ballad of Gill Morrice,  
 or Child Maurice, on one of the chief  
 incidents of which, it is supposed, that  
 Mr. Home founded his well known and  
 much admired tragedy of Douglas.

The house of Herbertshire is seated  
 near the village of Denny, on a rising  
 ground, in a spacious lawn, on the  
 north bank of the Carron, adorned with

\* Ossian.

trees of various kinds, many of them uncommonly large, and apparently of great age; and commands a most extensive view of the surrounding country. The turreted appearance of the ancient part of the house, bespeaks it to have been once a place of strength; but history and tradition are both silent with regard to the precise era of its erection. In the fifteenth century it was in the possession of the Sinclairs, Princes of Orkney, whose domains were then so extensive, that they are said to have been able, in travelling from Roslin near Edinburgh to Orkney, to repose every night in one of their own castles.

The banks of the river, above the house, are extremely picturesque; here, sloping in stripes of verdant meadow,

tufted with trees, to the water's edge; and there, rising boldly into rocks, fringed with brushwood, and crowned with plantations, under which a variety of walks lead you to the contemplation of the most striking features of this romantick scene.

At a little distance from the house of Herbertshire, you pass, on your left, the house of Craigs, the property of Captain Campbell; and two miles beyond it, on the same side, Auchinbowie, the residence of Mrs. Hume. Soon after passing Auchinbowie, the town of Stirling bursts open to the view, bearing, in local situation and appearance, a strong resemblance to the city of Edinburgh.

Pursuing your rout, at the distance



of two miles and a half from Stirling, and within a mile of the village of St. Ninians, you cross the burn of Bannock, the scene of the memorable victory gained on the 25th. June 1314, by Robert the Bruce, over the English forces, under Edward the Second; a victory which secured the independence of Scotland, fixed Bruce on the throne, and by which the English suffered more severely, than in any battle they had fought since the Conquest.

In order to bend Scotland under the English yoke, Edward “summoned the  
“most warlike of his vassals from Gas-  
“cony. He enlisted troops from Flan-  
“ders, and other foreign countries. He  
“invited over great numbers of the  
“disorderly Irish as to a certain prey.  
“He joined to them a body of the

" Welsh, who were actuated by like  
 " motives: and assembling the whole  
 " military force of England, he march-  
 " ed to the frontiers with an army,  
 " which, according to the Scottish writ-  
 " ers, amounted to a hundred thousand  
 " men.

" The army collected by Robert ex-  
 " ceeded not thirty thousand combat-  
 " ants; but being composed of men  
 " who had distinguished themselves by  
 " many acts of valour; who were ren-  
 " dered desperate by their situation;  
 " and who were inured to all the varie-  
 " ties of fortune; they might justly,  
 " under such a leader, be deemed for-  
 " midable to the most numerous and  
 " best appointed armies. The castle of  
 " Stirling, which, with Berwick, was  
 " the only fortress in Scotland that re-

“mained in the hands of the English,  
“had long been besieged by Edward  
“Bruce. Philip de Mowbray, the gover-  
“nor, after an obstinate defence, was  
“at last obliged to capitulate, and to  
“promise, that if, before a certain day  
“which was now approaching, he were  
“not relieved, he should open his gates  
“to the enemy. Robert, therefore,  
“sensible that here was the ground on  
“which he must expect the English,  
“chose the field of battle with all the  
“skill and prudence imaginable, and  
“made the necessary preparations for  
“their reception. He posted himself  
“at Bannockburn, about two miles  
“from Stirling, where he had a hill on  
“his right flank, and a morass on his  
“left; and not content with having  
“taken these precautions to prevent his  
“being surrounded by the more num-



“erous army of the English, he fore-  
“saw the superior strength of the ene-  
“my in cavalry, and made provision  
“against it. Having a rivulet in front,  
“he commanded deep pits to be dug  
“along its banks, and sharp stakes to  
“be planted in them; and he ordered  
“the whole to be carefully covered  
“over with turf. The English arrived  
“in sight on the evening, and a bloody  
“conflict immediately ensued between  
“two bodies of cavalry; where Ro-  
“bert, who was at the head of the  
“Scots, engaged in single combat with  
“Henry de Bohun, a gentleman of the  
“family of Hereford, and at one stroke  
“cleft his adversary to the chin with a  
“battle-ax, in sight of the two armies.  
“The English horse fled with precipi-  
“tation to their main body.

“ The Scots, encouraged by this fa-  
 “ vourable event, and glorying in the  
 “ valour of their prince, prognosticated  
 “ a happy issue to the combat on the  
 “ ensuing day. The English, confident  
 “ in their numbers, and elated with for-  
 “ mer successes, longed for an oppor-  
 “ tunity of revenge: And the night,  
 “ though extremely short in that sea-  
 “ son and in *this* climate, appeared te-  
 “ dious to the impatience of the several  
 “ combatants. Early in the morning,  
 “ Edward drew out his army, and ad-  
 “ vanced towards the Scots. The Earl  
 “ of Gloucester, his nephew, who com-  
 “ manded the left wing of the cavalry,  
 “ impelled by the ardour of youth,  
 “ rushed on to the attack without pre-  
 “ caution, and fell among the covered  
 “ pits, which had been prepared by  
 “ Bruce for the reception of the ene-

“ my. This body of horse was disor-  
“ dered. Gloucester himself was over-  
“ thrown and slain. Sir James Douglas,  
“ who commanded the Scottish cavalry,  
“ gave the enemy no leisure to rally,  
“ but pushed them off the field with  
“ considerable loss, and pursued them  
“ in sight of their whole line of infan-  
“ try. While the English army were  
“ alarmed with this unfortunate begin-  
“ ning of the action, which commonly  
“ proves decisive, they observed an ar-  
“ my on the heights towards the left,  
“ which seemed to be marching leisure-  
“ ly in order to surround them; and  
“ they were distracted by their multi-  
“ plied fears. This was a number of  
“ waggoners and sumpter-boys, whom  
“ Robert had collected; and having sup-  
“ plied them with military standards,  
“ gave them the appearance, at a dis-



“ tance, of a formidable body. The  
“ stratagem took effect. A panic seized  
“ the English. They threw down their  
“ arms and fled. They were pursued  
“ with great slaughter, for the space of  
“ ninety miles, till they reached Ber-  
“ wick; and the Scots, besides an in-  
“ estimable booty, took many persons  
“ of quality prisoners, and above four  
“ hundred gentlemen, whom Robert  
“ treated with great humanity, and  
“ whose ransom was a new accession  
“ of wealth to the victorious army. The  
“ King himself narrowly escaped, by  
“ taking shelter in Dunbar, whose gates  
“ were opened to him by the Earl of  
“ March; and he thence passed by sea  
“ to Berwick.

“ The number of slain on those oc-  
“ casions is always uncertain, and is

“commonly much magnified by the  
 “victors: But this defeat made a deep  
 “impression on the minds of the  
 “English; and it was remarked, that,  
 “for some years, no superiority of  
 “numbers could encourage them to  
 “keep the field against the Scots.\*

It was near the banks of the Bannock too, that the unfortunate, slothful and superstitious monarch, James the Third, was defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects, headed by the Duke of Rothesay, his eldest son; or, according to other historians, was put to death by a priest, who, after the battle, was called in to afford him spiritual comfort. The house, in which this is said to have happened, is still standing near the high road.

Proceeding on your journey, you pass through the village of St. Ninians. The church of this village, which was occupied as a powder magazine by the rebels in the year 1745, was, at that time, blown up, either accidentally or by design. The steeple, which is lofty, was uninjured; and, from its insulated situation, at a distance from the new church, seldom fails to arrest the attention of the traveller. Immediately, afterwards, you reach the town of

#### STIRLING.

The greater part of the town and castle of Stirling, is built upon a rock, ascending from a plain upon the south-west, to a very elevated and precipitous crag on the north-east, hung with vast fragments of rock, seemingly about to



precipitate themselves headlong to the vale below.

The castle, a ponderous mass of building, seated on the north-west extremity of this crag, contains some magnificent, though dilapidated, remains of royal grandeur—a palace, a chapel, and a parliament house. The inside of the palace retains few traces of its ancient splendour, being occupied, at present, by soldiery; but, externally, it is enriched by many curious and grotesque figures cut in stone. The chapel is now converted into a magazine of stores. And the parliament house, a spacious room, one hundred and twenty feet long by thirty-six wide, was lately appropriated to the purposes of a riding school. Yet, these venerable monuments of antiquity were once the residence of Royalty;

and here, in troublesome times, distressed Majesty often found an asylum. In contemplating scenes like these, the mind irresistibly imbibes a portion of their characteristick solemnity, and becomes gradually and deeply impressed with the mutability of all human greatness.

“Why dost thou build the Hall, Son of  
 “the winged days? Thou lookest from  
 “thy towers to-day; Yet a few years,  
 “and the blast of the desert comes; it howls  
 “in thy empty Court.” \*

The view from the castle of Stirling has always been esteemed the grandest and most amusing in Scotland. Below you, is spread out an extensive plain, nearly eighty miles in length, and about eighteen in breadth—here, crowned

\* Ossian.

with corn fields, bordered with trees and hedge rows—there, enamelled with delightful verdure, and, diversified throughout, by towns, villages, and gentlemen's seats—bounded, to the east, by Arthur's seat, in the vicinity of Edinburgh; to the west and north by a magnificent amphitheatre of stupenduous mountains; and partly illumined by the glittering mazes of the Forth, whose meanders are so circuitous, that though the distance by land from Stirling to Alloa, be only six miles, it is twenty by water—a scene, altogether producing such a rich variety of beautiful and striking objects, natural and artificial, as can more easily be imagined than described.

A noble walk, shaded by a thicket of thriving trees, is conducted from one end of the town to the other, along



the summit of the rock close to the bottom of the south wall of the castle.

Descending from the castle into the town, you pass the mouldering palaces of the Earls of Argyll and Marr, those ancient bulwarks of the Scottish Monarchy. A little to the southward of the latter, stands the Gothick church of Stirling.

About half a mile from the town, on the north bank, and in one of the windings of the Forth, lie the ruins of the tower of the abbey of Cambuskenneth, once the richest in Scotland. It was founded, by David the First, in 1147. In 1559, the greater part of it was destroyed by the Reformers. It now belongs to the town of Stirling.

*From Stirling, by Callander of Monteath,  
to the Troshachs, and Loch Catharine.*

Twenty-seven Miles.

The ride from Stirling to the Troshachs, by Callander, may be ranked among the most picturesque in Scotland. After traversing the base of the rock on which the town and castle of Stirling are seated, for nearly a mile, you enter

the beautiful vale of Monteath; bounded, to the north and west, by the Grampian hills, of which the exalted mountains of Benlomond to the west, Benledi to the north-west, Benvorlich\* and Stoontachrone to the north, form a part—to the south, by a chain of hills, rising near Bannockburn, and stretching, south-west, to Dumbarton; and—to the east, by the Ochil hills, which are separated from the Grampian hills by Strathallan, and from the chain of hills to the south, by the Carse of Stirling; so that the rocks of Abbey-craig and Stirling, which you are leaving behind, and the beautiful hill of Craigforth, immediately before you, to the left, are entirely insulated. Proceeding five miles westward, along the vale, watered by the Teath and the Forth,

\* 3300 feet above the level of the sea.



which unite about a mile above Stirling, you pass, on the right, Ochertyre, the property of Mr. Ramsay; and one mile farther on, on the left,

**BLAIRDRUMMOND,**

the seat of Mr. Drummond Home; which, in the natural beauties of its situation, and the taste and elegance of its artificial embellishments, is perhaps inferior to few in the kingdom.

A fine terrace, formed on the margin of the Teath, begins on the north side of the house, and, after extending two miles along the banks of that beautiful and transparent river, through verdant lawns and shady groves, terminates opposite to the castle of Doune. On the other side of the house, the ground is happily

broken into a great variety of hollows and swells, the latter of which are covered with extensive shrubberies, chiefly composed of evergreens, through which you are conducted by a great extent of well kept gravel walks. These swells present an outline uncommonly varied, and are so completely sheltered by thriving plantations, as, even in the most inclement seasons, to afford a dry, well sheltered, and comfortable walk.

Nearly opposite to the avenue leading up to the house of Blairdrummond, a majestick water wheel was erected, a few years ago, to convey the waters of the Teath to the moss of Kincardine, for enabling the owner to recover the soil underneath, by floating the moss into the Teath; a singular and interesting agri-

cultural operation,\* well deserving the attention of the traveller.

This moss, which originally covered about two thousand acres, fifteen hundred of which belong to the estate of Blairdrummond, is distant about a mile from the Teath, and is, in its higher parts, from six to twelve feet deep; in its lower, about three. It reposes upon a mass of clay, composed of different layers of a grey, red, and blue colour, uncommonly favourable to vegetation; but before this can be rendered useful, it is necessary, after ridding it of the moss, to remove the roots of a number of large oak and birch trees, and frequently the trees themselves,

\* See Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 12, part 1st. art. "Moss of Kincardine," for a particular account of this operation.



which are spread over its surface; the remnant of an extensive forest, whence the ancient Britons annoyed the Romans on their invasion of this country; and which the latter, in consequence, found it necessary to cut down.\* Prior to the year 1767, when the late Lord Kames entered on the possession of the estate of Blairdrummond, many attempts had been made to improve this moss, by the usual methods of paring, burning, trenching and draining, but in vain.

\* There can be no doubt that this tract was once occupied by a forest, consisting chiefly of oak; or that it was cut down with an axe, or some similar instrument. The trees are found lying as thick upon the clay, as they could have grown upon it. Roots, correspondent in size to the trees, are still found fixed in the ground; and marks of an axe are frequently discernible on their trunks. A few years ago, forty oak trees were found lying close to each other, one of which was 50 feet in length and 3 feet in diameter, and had 314 circles or years' growth in one of its roots.

His Lordship, therefore, directed his exertions to the acquisition of the valuable soil beneath. This, however, after many expedients, seemed to be impracticable, till some agent could be found, sufficiently powerful to sweep off the whole body of the moss. With this view, his Lordship, and after him Mr. Drummond, his son and successor, applied the waters of an adjoining rivulet. But though some acres were thus gained, the insufficiency of water, combined with other obstacles which were continually presenting themselves, seemed to preclude all hope of solid advantage. At length, in 1787, a Mr. Meikle of Alloa, an ingenious mechanick, presented to Mr. Drummond, a model of a wheel of his own invention, with which sixty hogsheads of water could be raised from the Teath in a minute.

The model was approved, and the wheel, having soon after been erected by Mr. Drummond, has so far answered the end, as to have enabled him to clear three hundred and sixty acres, of most excellent land, yielding exuberant crops of wheat, barley, oats and clover. If, therefore, it be a just observation, "that the man who makes two blades of grass, and two ears of corn, grow, where one only grew before, deserves to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind," what does not this country owe to the late Lord Kames and to Mr. Drummond, who have thus, at a great expense, converted a barren waste into a fruitful valley, and made the heart of the husbandman sing for joy.

On the ground thus cleared, Mr.



Drummond has established a colony; the value and importance of which may be appreciated by the following statement, which he obligingly communicated to the Author.

Statement of the Colony on the Moss of Kincardine,  
in November, 1796.

Number of acres gained	- - - - -	360
men, women and children	- - - - -	764
horses and carts	- - - - -	54
cows	- - - - -	201
brick houses	- - - - -	102

Actuated by a regard for the education and morals of this infant establishment, which he perceived were likely to be endangered by its remote situation from the parish school, Mr. Drummond lately applied for the aid of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland, who, though obliged by the letter of their regulations, to

confine their institutions to the Highlands, justly considered, that, as nearly all the inhabitants of the moss were Highlanders, it was not departing from the spirit of these regulations, to establish a schoolmaster on the moss. One was accordingly appointed, who, besides a salary of ten pounds from the Society, receives ten pounds from the benevolent and patriotick Proprietor.

Leaving the moss of Kincardine, and proceeding westward, about two miles beyond Blairdrummond you reach the village of Doune, and the splendid ruins of

#### DOUNE CASTLE.

This beautiful ruin, the property of the Earl of Moray, is delightfully situ-

ate on the north bank of the Teath, in a tongue of land formed by the junction of the water of Ardoch with that river, and was, according to tradition, built by Murdoc Duke of Albany. The exact period of its foundation is unknown. The first time it is mentioned in history, is when Sir James Stewart was appointed Constable of it, by James the Fifth. In the civil wars during the reign of Queen Mary, it frequently afforded protection to the Loyalists; and, before the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, courts of law were held in it. In 1745, it was, for some time, occupied by the rebels, and was afterwards surveyed, by order of Government, for the purpose of ascertaining if it were tenable; but it has since been suffered to fall into ruins. Some hundred yards below Doune Castle, de-



lightly situate on a sweet sequestered bottom, on the banks of the Teath, stands the house of Newton, the seat of Mr. Edmonston.

Pursuing your rout, nearly a mile beyond Doune, you pass, on your right, Cambuswallace, the seat of Mr. Edmondston; and, upon the left, Lanrick, about two miles onward, belonging to Sir John Murray—Ballachallan, the property of Mr. Buchanan, three miles farther on; and—Cambusmore, the seat of the same Gentleman, within a mile and a half of Callander, composing the remainder of the principal seats on this road.

#### CALLANDER

is a regular well built village, lying on both sides of the Teath. The houses

consist, in general, of two stories, and are covered with slate. A very neat church, with a pavilion roof and handsome spire, stands at the extremity of an oblong square in the centre of the village.

Here, as there are no accommodation at the Troshachs save a few wicker huts, it will be necessary to supply yourself with provisions for a day. Proceeding westward, about a mile from Callander, you pass, on the right, the house of Leney, the seat of Captain John Hamilton Buchanan, and through the village of Kilmahog; then turning to the left, and, sweeping the southern limb of Benledi\* you find

\* " By reason of the altitude of Benledi, and of its beautiful conical figure, the people of the adjacent country to a great distance, assembled, annually, on

yourself on the banks of Lochvanach-  
oir, a very beautiful lake, about three

its top, about the time of the summer solstice, during the Druidical priesthood, to worship the Deity. This assembly seems to have been a provincial or synodical meeting, wherein all the different congregations, within the bounds, wished to get as near to heaven as they could, to pay their homage to the God of heaven. Tradition says, that this devotional meeting continued three days. The summit of the mountain is smoothed, and free of stones; which seems to be the work of art: But no stones with inscriptions can be found within the vicinity of that place. The Druids were ignorant, it appears, of the use of letters, or extremely shy to commit any part of their creed to writing; but they were fond, in a very high degree, of great and stupendous monuments, to mark their retreats, and to perpetuate the remembrance of their devotion. They had exactly the idea of Solomon, concerning the immensity of the Supreme Being. "That if the heaven of heavens could not contain him, how much less a house made with hands!" They accounted all space his temple, and all nature his altar. They had no walls but the horizon, and no canopy but the cope of heaven. Their circles of stones, and even the charcoal of the fuel they used in burning sacrifices, are frequent in groves and plains, by the sides of running streams; but they do not seem to have had any images.

"Rude figures, indeed, of the human and other species, have been found in this parish, cut out of stone.



miles in length, and a mile in breadth, the borders of which are variegated by green eminences, sequestered cottages, herds of cattle and corn fields. After a pleasing ride along the banks of this lake, you arrive at Lochachray, a small

But these idolatrous relicts are more modern than the Druids. Two of these have been lately discovered, on the farm of Aney, at the chapel of St. Bridget (a Danish lady of the 13th. century, or an Irish lady of later date) probably the Saint and her dog, which, from the quality of the stone, seem to have been imported into this country. If the Druid priests and their people assembled on the top of Benledi, there can be little doubt of their having acted in a similar manner in other countries, although the tradition of this practice may be lost. Their *circles* of stones, their veneration for the *sun* and for *fire*, their meetings on the *tops of hills*, and their worshipping in the *open air*, might afford ground for many probable conjectures concerning their idea of the perfections of the Deity, and the source from which they borrowed their rites and modes of worship, which seem to have had an Asiatic origin." *Stat. Account*, vol. 11th. art. Callander, by the Reverend James Robertson.

Benledi, or Benledia, signifying, in Gaelick, the hill of God, is 3009 feet above the level of the sea,

but pretty lake, about a mile in length, and much embayed. Reaching the western extremity of this lake, by a road sometimes hewn from the solid rock, overhung with tall oaks and coppice wood, and sometimes supported by a wall rising from the bottom of the lake, you approach the entry to the

#### TROSHACHS.\*

On the right of this entry, is Glen-finglas, verdant to its top, once covered with the deer of the Scottish Monarchs, now the property of the Earl of Moray; on the left Mount Bene-venu, once a forest of the family of Monteath, now belonging to the Duke of Montrose; and, before you, inclin-

\* Or Droshachs, signifying, in Gaelick, uneven ground.

ing somewhat to the right, is the con-  
 ick mount Binean, from which, it is  
 supposed, that the Troshachs were  
 formed. Turning up the entrance to  
 the right, a scene presents itself to the  
 ravished eye, so sublimely terrible, so  
 stupendously magnificent, as, at once,  
 to fill the mind with reverential awe  
 and admiration. Imagine to yourself,  
 an enormous group of gigantick rocks,  
 scattered in chaotick confusion, like  
 the ruins of an immense mountain,  
 over an extensive vale; here, covered  
 with trees, and broom and brambles;  
 and there, clothed to their loftiest  
 summit, with majestick forests\* of oak,  
 and ash, and weeping birch, serving,  
 with their varied foliage, to increase

\* The Author is informed, that since he visited the  
 Troshachs, great part of these extensive forests have  
 been cut down.



the native gloom of the subjacent dell; here again, rude, rugged and horrick, rent into yawning chasms fringed with brushwood, and threatening, by their shaggy and projecting brows, immediate ruin to all beneath; and there, shorn of their sylvan honours by the hand of man, displaying in the mangled stumps, a thousand hideous and fantastick shapes.

To this imperfect outline, superadd in your imagination, a romantick and almost impervious den, strewed with fragments of stone flung by the storm from the surrounding rocks, and winding, in gentle curvatures, through this wondrous huddle to the margin of Loch Catharine, and you will then have formed some faint idea of a scene, at all times indescribably sublime, and,

when brightened by the rising or the setting sun, most powerfully impressive of enchantment.

Here, Nature reigns supreme,  
Mid dreary solitude and sombrous shades.  
In awful majesty, she, here displays  
Her wonder-working energy to Man.

Tradition ascribes the origin of this singular \* phenomenon, to an awful

\* The rocks of Aderbach, in the midst of the village of that name, in Bohemia, belonging to the Counts of Kolowrath, not far from Trantenau, at the foot of the Riesengebirge near the frontier of Silesia, seem to bear some resemblance to the Troshachs. "This forest is perceived at a great distance, and resembles  
" an army of giants arranged on an immense plain; and  
" perhaps the Riesengebirge, or mountains of Giants,  
" which skirt it, received their name from this appearance. The groups are innumerable; each column is  
" detached, though by so small intervals, that a man  
" can hardly pass between. They are generally square  
" or triangular, and from one to two hundred feet  
" high. The ground they cover is nearly three miles

convulsion of the Earth, which, tearing out the bowels of Mount Binean,

“ in circumference, and the labyrinth is impassable  
“ without guides.

“ The substance of these rocks is a sandy vitrifiable  
“ stone, very soft and almost friable when wet; being  
“ an imperfect kind of filtering stone. They power-  
“ fully attract the moisture of the atmosphere; and the  
“ returning sun causes it to exude; so that the winding  
“ paths are mostly filled with small rills of the clearest  
“ water filtered through the rocks.

“ It is probable, that these singular columns were  
“ once the internal supporters of a mountain, gradually  
“ wasted by tempests and torrents; and they themselves  
“ gradually melt into sand, the water sometimes cor-  
“ roding the base, so that a vast column will stand on  
“ a pivot of a cubick foot. In the interior parts of  
“ the labyrinth the force of the torrents has occasioned  
“ most picturesque scenes, by trees launched into abys-  
“ ses, and other wrecks of nature.

“ The rocks of Aderbach are the skeleton of a  
“ mountain, and on proceeding through them, one finds  
“ ones-self upon a part of the mountains covered with  
“ forests, but the degradation of which has begun; so  
“ that the interesting scene of the demolition of a  
“ mountain, by the mighty hand of Nature, here pre-  
“ sents itself to the eye; and in a thousand years, per-  
“ haps, the scene may terminate in a sandy hill.

“ The temperature in this gigantick temple, is uni-



strewn them, quivering, o'er the circumambient plain.

From the top of Craigvate, a hill on the south side of Lochachray, and from the summit of Benevenu, you have a most commanding prospect of this amazing scene.

There is no carriage road along the banks of

#### LOCH CATHARINE.

If you wish, therefore, to visit this

“ form; fresh in summer, warm in winter by comparison. At a small distance are fertile fields and meadows.

“ Many singular forms present themselves which the imagination of the guides as usual, fabricates into figures of monks, women, bears, ruins of towns, &c.

“ In the neighbourhood, is a remarkable echo,

lake, you must leave your carriage in the vale, and proceed up the right bank, by a road, which sometimes clammers up a precipice, overhanging the lake; sometimes sweeps across a stripe of verdant meadow; now retires to the recesses of the forest, and, by and by, emerges from the bottom of the deep.

The impression made by the first view of the lake, is by no means pleasing. Narrowed by rocky prominences, and seemingly intersected by its islands, it here bears more the appearance of a pool, than a spacious sheet of water. It soon, however, begins to open. The islands, lofty, steep, and clothed with

“ which repeats without confusion, seven syllables for  
 “ three successive times; but no echo returns the exact  
 “ tone; one answers with a gay note, while some to the  
 “ most cheerful call, answer with plaintive melancholy.”  
*M. Zoellner's Letters on Silesia, Cracow, &c.*

trees and underwood, become detached and distinct. As you proceed, it gradually expands, till at length, with all its islands, bays, and headlands, it appears stretched out in full view before you.

The whole extent of Loch Catharine, is about ten miles, its breadth scarcely one. In soft and luxuriant scenery, it is, doubtless, far inferior to many of the Scottish lakes; but in rude and horrid grandeur, the component parts of its eastern extremity, in particular, are perhaps unparalleled.

Loch Catharine, and Lochlubnaig, some miles to the eastward, swarm with char, a species of fish, once supposed to be found only in Winander-meer, in Lancashire; and which, it is said, was



never known to rise to a fly, nor to be caught with a hook, baited in any way whatever.

Along the banks of the lake, the Honourable Mrs. Drummond of Perth, has erected a number of wicker huts for the accommodation of travellers.

After your return to Callander, you may visit Lochlubnaig, a very beautiful lake, about four miles northward, on the great road to Fort William. Near the middle of this lake, stands a tremendous rock, called Craignacoheilg, or the rock of the joint-hunting; and, opposite to the rock, a hunting seat of the late Mr. Bruce, the celebrated traveller. The whole road, from Callander thither, is extremely romantick and picturesque.

Going back from Callander to Stirling, if you choose to vary your ride, you may return by the road you went as far as Doune; and thence, on the north side of the Teath, by Keir, the beautiful seat of Mr. Stirling. Or, if you incline to prolong your excursion, you may proceed to the

#### LOCH OF MONTEATH,

About six miles to the southwest of Callander, an object well deserving attention.

This lake contains two islands; on the largest of which lie the ruins of a Monastery; and, on the smallest, the remains of an ancient residence of the Earls of Monteath. Besides perch, the lake abounds with pike, probably the

largest in the kingdom. The manner of catching this fish, here, is somewhat novel and diverting. On the islands, a number of geese are collected from the farmers who occupy the surrounding banks of the lake. After baited lines, of two or three feet in length, are attached to the legs of these animals, they are driven into the water. Steering naturally homeward, in different directions, the bait is soon swallowed. A violent and often tedious struggle ensues; in which, however, the geese at length prevail, though often much exhausted before they reach the shore.

From the lake of Monteath, if you wish still farther to indulge in the attractive scenes of this part of the coun-



try, proceed westward, through the pass  
of Aberfoil to, here, here, here, here,

of catching this fish, here, here, here, here,

On the islands, a novel and diverting, a

number of good, LOCHARD, a

A small but beautiful lake, about five

miles distant; which no lover of sweet

and picturesque scenery should neglect

to visit. He ought, however, previ-

ously, to supply himself with some pro-

visions, as there is no inn near it for

his accommodation.

On a small island in this lake, are still

to be seen the ruins of a castle, said to

have been built by the Duke of Albany,

uncle to James the First of Scotland,

intended by him as a retreat, when

he was apprehensive of an impeach-

ment on account of his ambitious projects.\*

Returning to the Loch of Monteath you proceed, through Thornhill, to Stirling, meeting the great road thence to Callander, near Blair Drummond.

\* In the 2d. vol. of Boydell's Picturesque Views and Scenery of the Thames, the Forth, and the Clyde, now in the press, a number of Drawings by Mr. Farington, of the Royal Academy, are devoted to the interesting Scenery of this district.

ment on account of his ambitious pro-  
 ject. Beyond it, at nearly equal  
 distance from each other, and on the  
 returning to the Loch of Montrose.  
you proceed through Thornhill, to  
 Stirling, meeting the great road thence  
 to Callander, near Blair Drummond.

Travellers wishing to visit the revo-  
 lutionary scene of the battle of Stirling, and the  
 ruins of the castle, the tower, and the bridge,  
 now in the ruins, a number of drawings by Mr. Far-  
 quhar, of the battle of Stirling, and the ruins of the castle.

### ***From Stirling to Kinross.***

**Twenty-four Miles.**

Cross the Forth at Stirling, and after  
 travelling eastward twelve miles, under  
 the Ochil hills, through a delightful  
 country, you arrive at the village, or  
 rather inn, of Dollar. In your ride  
 thither you pass, about a mile from  
 Stirling, on the left, Arthurie or Aithrie,



a very handsome house, the property of Mr. Haldane. Beyond it, at nearly equal distances from each other, and on the same side, Alva, belonging to Mr. Johnston; and Tillicoultry, the property of Mr. Bruce.

Travellers wishing to visit the reverend reliques of

#### CASTLE CAMPBELL,

generally leave their carriage at the inn of Dollar, and proceed, on foot, to the castle, which is about a mile distant.

" Grey on a bank and far from men,  
half covered, by ancient pines, from the wind,  
this lonely pile exalts its head, long shaken  
by the storms" — \*

Castle Campbell is seated on a rock,

\* Fragment of a northern tale.

once insulated, about mid-way up the Ochil hills. On each side of it, there is a deep ravine or ditch, of rapid descent, skirted with brush-wood and trees, into which two rivulets, collected in the higher regions of the hills, precipitate their streams, awakening in the mind, by their confused and murmuring noise, a kind of soft and pleasing melancholy. Under the rock immediately in front of the castle, these two rivulets unite, and from their bed up to a small plain, on the summit of the rock, a frightful passage, of nearly perpendicular ascent, a hundred-feet high by about six feet wide, hung with steps, has been cut for the purpose, it is conjectured, of affording access to the water.

The site and ruins of Castle Campbell show it to have been once a place

of refuge; but neither from history, nor tradition, can it be ascertained by whom or when it was built. It is now the property of the Duke of Argyll, and was in the possession of his family as far back as 1465. It anciently bore the name of the *Castle of Gloom*, and, taking it all in all, perhaps few places have a more appropriate appellation.

“ The thistle *shakes here* its lonely head:  
the moss *whistles* to the wind. The Fox  
*looks* out from the windows, the rank  
grass of the wall, *waves* round its head.”\*

At a division of the road, about four miles beyond Dollar, keep to the right, which will lead you, after a quarter of an hour's travelling, to a solitary cottage and school house on the left; here

\* Ossian.



send forward your carriage a mile and a half, and turn again to your right over the hills to the

### CALDRON LINN,

on the river Dovan. The Caldron Linn is composed of two falls of water; the uppermost, is thirty four feet in height, of gentle acclivity; the undermost, is forty four feet in height, and entirely perpendicular. They are distant from each other about eighty feet. In the solid rock which forms the bed of the first fall, or the division between it and the second, the weight of the waters has scooped out three circular cavities of different dimensions, the largest of which may be about twenty two feet in diameter. The violent agitation of the waters in this cavity, and the

thick foam or scum with which they are constantly covered; give it a striking resemblance to an immense boiler or caldron; whence it has obtained the name of the *Caldron* Linn. In the second cavity the waters are, also, considerably agitated; while in the third, they are, in general, still and serene.

These cavities or caldrons communicate with each other by apertures perforated in their sides, considerably under their mouths, by the ceaseless agitation of the waters; and the third cavity, besides its intimate connection with the other two, has a communication with the great fall, by means of a hole in its lower side, somewhat resembling a door in the face of a rock, from which, in dry weather, the whole of the river Donovan is precipitated into the pool below;

exciting, in the mind of a person on the banks of the pool, where the river is not visible, the idea of a prodigious spring issuing from the bowels of the rock. But when the Dovan is swoln by rains, the Caldrons literally boil over into the subjacent gulph, with a convulsive impetus and loud reverberating noise.

The Caldrons may be seen from either side of the river; but the great fall is seen to the best advantage from the south. The banks on each side of the falls are lofty and precipitous, clothed to their summits with trees and underwood, composing, always, a picturesque and romantick landscape, but, viewed soon after mid-day, when the ascending spray of the falls, transformed by the sun's radiancy into a vivid



arch of variegated fire, seems to unite the adverse banks of the river, it exhibits a scene, which, in sublimity, may vie with the most celebrated of the kind in Scotland.

Proceeding, through the fields,\* up the banks of the Doon, for a mile, you arrive at the

#### RUMBLING BRIDGE.

This bridge, which obtained its name

\* It is to be regretted that nothing has been done to accommodate the great concourse of strangers who daily resort to these scenes. Although, at the expense of a few shillings, a communication for travellers on foot, might be opened by the water's side, between the Linn and the Rumbling Bridge, you are obliged to walk all the way through rushes and bent grass, nearly breast high; an operation, which, after a heavy fall of rain, is very much calculated to *damp* the ardour of your curiosity.

from the rumbling noise of the waters, incessantly rushing from fall to fall over the rocky obstacles in its bed, is thrown over a chasm, full eighty feet above the surface of the river, and consists of one arch twenty two feet in span and eleven in breadth. The sides of the chasm, both above and below the bridge, are bold and craggy, and so deeply covered with trees as almost totally to conceal the passing waters. The whole accompanying objects are, indeed, picturesque and romantick; but, as the want of a parapet to the bridge is attended with some degree of danger, their beauties cannot be viewed with that complacency, which would otherwise result from the contemplation of such a scene.

About a quarter of a mile above the  
Rumbling bridge, you reach the

### DEVIL'S MILL,

so called from the similarity in sound,  
which the waters make to the clack of a  
mill; and from the additional circum-  
stance of its going, according to the  
country phrase, both Sunday and Satur-  
day. The noise which is here heard,  
and which bears every resemblance to  
that of an immense body of water driv-  
ing a mill with great velocity, is con-  
jectured, by some, to be occasioned by  
the waters falling, in form of a cascade  
of about fourteen feet in height, into a  
cavity in the rock below, and beating  
with great violence against its sides;  
While others, ascribe it to the casual  
explosion of condensed air, from a



vacuity in some of the rocks under water.

Here you join the high road and your carriage, and proceed eastward, through an uninteresting country, till you approach the environs and town of

#### KINROSS.

Kinross, the capital of the county of the same name, is a small village, pleasantly situate in an extensive plain, at the west end of Lochleven. It contains nothing deserving your attention if you except the house of Kinross, built by the celebrated architect Sir William Bruce, in 1685, now the property of Mr. Graham. It is a handsome structure, has a hall fifty four and one half feet long, by twenty four feet

wide, and commands a delightful view of the lake.

Lochleven, the glory of Kinross, is a spacious and beautiful lake, about twelve miles in circumference, tufted with a number of islands of various appearance and extent. On one of these, called St. Serf's isle, which contains about forty acres of good pasturage ground, was seated the ancient Priory of Lochleven, dedicated to St. Serf or Servanus. It is said to have been founded by Brudus, the last, excepting one, of the Pictish Kings, who gave the island to the monks or Culdees of Servanus. On another island, about two miles north-west of St. Serf's, as if floating on the lake, stand the ruins of the castle belonging to the Douglasses of Lochleven, so beautifully described by

Michael Bruce, the bard of Kinross, in the following lines.

- ‘ No more its arches echo to the noise
- ‘ Of joy and festive mirth: No more the glance
- ‘ Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
- ‘ And quivers o’er the undulating wave;
- ‘ But naked stand the melancholy walls,
- ‘ Lash’d by the wint’ry tempests, cold and bleak,
- ‘ That whistle, mournful, through the empty halls,
- ‘ And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust.
- ‘ Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
- ‘ A row of moss grown trees around it stand;
- ‘ Scarce, here and there, upon their blasted tops,
- ‘ A shrivelled leaf distinguishes the year.’

The castle of Lochleven, is said to have been the seat of Congal, son of Dongard King of the Picts, by whom it was founded. It was here that the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, whose crimes and misfortunes have excited so much detestation and commiseration, was confined by the confederated Lords, after the murder of Darnly, and her



marriage with Bothwell. And here, in her efforts to beguile the lonely, lingering hours of her captivity, her genius and accomplishments found ample employment.

From this confinement, Mary at last escaped, only to suffer new afflictions, and a longer privation of her liberty. After eighteen years' additional confinement, a crafty and jealous rival put a period, at once, to her miseries and her existence.

Lochleven abounds with fish; all the different species of the hill, and the burn or muir trout, known in Scotland, are to be found in it. The silver grey trout, for which this lake is famed, is said to be the original native, and is, in every respect, the richest and finest. All these

kinds of trout are white in the flesh, till their third year; they then become red. Char are, also, found in this loch, in greater plenty, than in any other place in Scotland; often as large as to weigh two pounds.

At that end of the lake, where it empties itself into the Leven, are still to be distinguished some remains of the famous mound, by which the English forces, in one of Edward the Third's expeditions, stopped the egress of the waters, with the view of raising them to such a height as to inundate the island on which the castle was seated; and in which they had for some time, besieged the Scots. This plan was slowly tending to its completion, when a great feast, in honour of St. Margaret, being about to be celebrated

at Dunfermline, the English General, with a considerable part of his men, left the camp to assist at the festival. The Scots, informed of their absence, seized the opportunity of sailing, in the night, with a proper apparatus to the mound, which they perforated so completely as soon to demolish the whole. An immense inundation immediately followed, which, spreading far and wide, swept off every thing in its course—men, just awaked from their slumber, beasts of burden, tents, magazines, camp equipage and baggage—in one confused mass and with a tremendous noise, into the sea.



*From Kinross to Perth.*

*Fifteen Miles.*

In your ride from Kinross to Perth, you proceed, northward, through a mountainous and barren country, till, about eight miles from Perth, you reach the *Wicks of Bigley*, an eminence overlooking Strathern: Passing on your way thither, the house of Paris, the pro-

perty of Mr. Hay, about seven miles from Kinross on your left, and immediately beyond the church of Arngask, on your right.

At *Bigley*, the beautiful vale of Erne is suddenly extended before you, forming one of the richest and most delightful prospects in Scotland. It is at least thirty miles in length, bedecked by gentlemen's seats deeply imbowered, and subdivided into verdant enclosures of corn fields and fertile meadows, through which the Erne is seen meandering to the Tay, washing with their mingled streams the fruitful shores of the Carse of Gowry.

A few miles from you, on your right, lies the ancient Pictish town of *Abernethy*; and, should the day be clear,

you can here, too, distinguish the Tay, become a grand estuary, stretching eastward to Dundee, where making a sudden turn, it retires behind the mountains.

Descending from this eminence, you pass on your right, Aiton, formerly Pottie, the property of Mr. Carmichael; and a little beyond it, on your left, Balmano, belonging to Mr. Belsches of Invermay. About two miles beyond Balmano, on the same side, lie the celebrated chalybeate wells of Pitcaithly; and, in their immediate vicinity, Kilgraston, the seat of Mr. Grant. Nearly five miles from Perth, you cross the Erne, by a stone bridge, at the church of Dumbarney: Half a mile beyond which you pass, on your right, Moncrieff house, the seat of Sir Thomas



Moncrieff; and opposite to it, on the south side of the Erne, Dumbarny, the property of Mr. Craigie.

Ascending the hill of Moncrieff, you pass on your left, half a mile beyond Moncrieff house, Hilton, belonging to Mr. Greenlaw, whence you have a retrospect of the scenes you beheld from Bigley, but more extended. Here the eye wanders eastward, over the Tay and its fertile shores even to its junction with the ocean; and westward, for many a mile, over the intermediate scenes of Freeland house, about three miles distant, the seat of the Earl of Ruthven, on the south side of the Erne—of Rossie, the seat of Mr. Oliphant, separated from Freeland by the village of Forgandenny; and nearly opposite to these, on the north side of the

river, but at some distance from it, of—  
the plantations which surround and im-  
mure Dupplin house,\* the seat of the  
Earl of Kinnoul.

From the north side of Moncrieff  
hill, at a part of it called the cloven  
crag, another landscape, equal in rich-  
ness to Strathern, and superior in  
splendour, though more confined, pre-  
sents itself to your contemplation—the  
large and well built town and environs  
of Perth, seated in the fruitful vale of  
Tay—that noble river, adorned with  
islands and crowded with shipping, in  
glittering grandeur, rolling its limpid

\* Near this place was fought the battle of Dupplin  
in 1332, between the English, under the command of  
Baliol, and the Scots, in which the Scots were defeated  
with great slaughter, and the family of Hay, like the  
Roman Fabii, almost cut off to a man.

waters to the sea—the magnificent bridge of Perth—the hills of Stormont—the stupendous crag of Kinnoul—and the numberless seats of nobility and gentry, strewn over the plain; all, screened by woods and environed by mountains, conspiring to produce a truly matchless scene.

Although the exact spot cannot now be easily ascertained, it is certain, says Mr. Gilpin, that about Moncrieff hill, which is part of the Grampian mountains, lay the scene of the last effort made against the Roman arms, in defence of British liberty. “As yet the  
“friths of the Clyde and the Forth were  
“the boundaries of the Roman power  
“in Britain; and the neck of land between these estuaries, being fortified,  
“confined the barbarous inhabitants



“ within its bounds. This curb they  
“ bore with impatience, and determin-  
“ ed to exert themselves in driving the  
“ Romans still farther from their fron-  
“ tiers. In one of their incursions fall-  
“ ing upon the ninth legion in the  
“ night, they committed great slaugh-  
“ ter.

“ The wise and prudent Agricola,  
“ who commanded the Roman legions,  
“ seems to have had no great desire to  
“ carry his arms farther; but being  
“ roused by repeated insults, he, at  
“ length, drew out his legions, and  
“ marched them into the enemy's coun-  
“ try; ordering his fleet which had  
“ sailed round the eastern coast of  
“ England from Sandwich, and was  
“ then in the Forth, to attend his  
“ march.

" The news of the Roman legions in  
 " motion, soon drew together the whole  
 " force of the Britons, under one of  
 " their ablest leaders. What was the  
 " name of this commander, in his own  
 " barbarous language, we know not, but  
 " in the Latin of Tacitus, he takes the  
 " name of Galgacus. This chief, seiz-  
 " ing the highest ground of the Gram-  
 " pian hills, resolved there to wait the  
 " enemy. A battle ensued, the event  
 " of which was fatal to the Britons.  
 " They fought gallantly through the  
 " whole day, but were at length entire-  
 " ly defeated, with the loss of ten thou-  
 " sand of their men killed upon the  
 " spot.

" The next morning the Romans had  
 " a full view of the melancholy event.  
 " The field was now silent and solitary.

" Heaps of dead were lying round, but  
 " not a single body of the enemy ap-  
 " peared, either on the plain or in pos-  
 " session of any post, while the coun-  
 " try, at a distance, was seen from the  
 " heights enveloped in smoke, as if it  
 " had been ravaged by an enemy. The  
 " cause was soon discovered. The Bri-  
 " tons, flying from the field, had, them-  
 " selves, with barbarian fury, set fire to  
 " their own houses and villages, and  
 " many of them had even put to death  
 " their wives and children. So innate  
 " a love of liberty burned within them,  
 " that when they lost that, they thought  
 " that all was lost."\*

Descending from the Cloven Crag,

\* Gilpin. General Roy, however, places the scene  
 of this battle as far north as Strathmore.



and proceeding for nearly two miles along the Tay, you reach

PERTH,

the capital of the county of the same name, situate on the west side of the Tay, in an extensive plain, which it divides into what is called the North and South Inches. It is a handsome and populous town, and was once the capital of Scotland—the residence of her kings—the place where her parliaments were assembled, and—where her courts of justice were held. In those times it was protected by a strong castle, and was the only walled town in the kingdom; of course, it was frequently subjected to the insults and inroads of the English, and of the factions, civil and religious, which, from time to

time, agitated the kingdom. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century, it was besieged, first by Montrose, and afterwards by Cromwell, whose soldiers laid the foundation of its present prosperity.

Perth bridge, which consists of nine arches, is unquestionably the handsomest bridge in Scotland, but is, perhaps, too narrow. In the year 1210, a prodigious flood swept away the first bridge over the Tay here, when many lives were lost; and five other bridges have, since that time, shared the same fate.

The Inches on the north and south of Perth, are partly appropriated for the recreation of the inhabitants, and partly for the pasturing of their cattle. Both of them are furnished with benches; and

the one on the south side is adorned with an avenue of beautiful trees of various descriptions. On the west side of the North Inch, a spacious street has lately been laid off, which will prove a great ornament to the town. The few houses which are already built in it, are in a superior style of architecture; and the new barracks, which are at no great distance, contribute much to the embellishment of the place.

Of the ancient splendour of Perth, Gowry house, also occupied as barracks, is almost all that remains; and, since it is considered to be the duty of every traveller, you cannot possibly leave the town, without looking from the window of this house, whence James the Sixth called for help, when an attempt was made to assassinate him.



by the Earl of Gowry, on the 5th. of August, 1600.\*

#### SCONE.

- Scone now attracts the attention of the traveller, only as the ancient residence of the kings of Scotland, and, of consequence, as the scene of many important and brilliant exploits. It stands upon a gentle rising ground, in an extensive plain, on the banks of the Tay, about a mile north of Perth, enveloped by some of the largest and finest trees in the kingdom, and beautified by numerous shrubs and young plantations. The palace of Scone is built in that noble and venerable stile of architecture, which prevailed about the beginning of

\* See Arnott's Crim. Trials.

the seventeenth century. It is about two hundred feet in length, and one hundred in breadth. The hall, or gallery, which is one hundred and forty feet in length, is adorned by paintings of a stag hunt in all its various stages—of the exercise of hawking, and—of hunting the wild boar and bull. The celebrated chair, the palladium of the Scottish Empire, and in which the Scottish kings here underwent the ceremony of coronation, is now one of the appendages of royalty in Westminster Abbey.

The view from the palace, westward, is rich and picturesque; terminating on your left in the hills above the Tay and the Erne, which here seem to unite, and which, with the Grampian mountains—the boundary to the

right—form a vast amphitheatre, whose area exhibits, besides the town and bridge of Perth, such a luxuriant combination of variegated enclosures of the most charming verdure, villages, gentlemen's seats, cotton mills and bleaching greens, as is scarcely, elsewhere, to be met with.



two sons; who, with no other weapons  
than the yokes which they snatched  
from their oxen then at plough, first  
put a stop to the flight of their coun-  
trymen, and afterwards led them on to

conquest. The noble family of Hay is  
descended from this rustic hero, and, in  
memory of this action, bear for their  
arms the instrument of the victory, with  
the appropriate motto, *Hay yokes*. This

***From Perth to Inver Inn, near Dunkeld.***

field, one of the most extensive in the  
island, and is, **Fifteen Miles.** distinguished as present for the site of

**This road winds through a rich and  
well cultivated country, for about five  
miles from Perth. It then traverses the  
field of Loncarty, renowned for a great  
victory obtained by the Scots over the  
Danes in 976, by means of a gallant  
peasant of the name of Hay, and his**

two sons; who, with no other weapons than the yokes which they snatched from their oxen then at plough, first put a stop to the flight of their countrymen, and afterwards led them on to conquest. The noble family of Hay is descended from this rustick hero, and, in memory of this action, bear for their arms, the instrument of the victory, with the appropriate motto, *Sub jugo*. This field is now occupied as a bleaching-field, one of the most extensive in the island, and is, of consequence, as much distinguished at present for the arts of peace, as it formerly was for the tumults of war.

The road then ascends into an extensive and barren plain which affords no object worthy notice. About three miles from Dunkeld, it gradually sinks

into a delicious vale, whose accompanying scenery seems to be composed in the stile of Nature's true sublime.

Figure to yourself a beautiful valley, several miles in length, and scarcely ever less than one in breadth, yielding, almost spontaneously, the various productions of the earth—enriched and enlightened by the streams of a large and magnificent river; and—encircled by a zone of stupendous mountains, through whose fissures thousands of young trees are seen struggling for existence, among the aged and lofty pines which already adorn their sides, and you will have sketched an imperfect outline of this highly favoured, this enchanting spot.

In descending into the vale, you see, on your right, about a mile from the



road, Murthly, the principal seat of Sir John Stewart of Grandtully; and opposite to it, on the north side of the Tay, Stenton, the seat of Mr. Stewart. Continuing to descend, you pass, on your left, the rude and towering hill of Birnam, rendered classick by the magick pen of the immortal Shakspeare, and now famous for a beautiful slate which it produces, of a deep blue colour bordering on violet. Winding still down towards the vale, the imagination is kept in a pleasing kind of perturbation, by the hasty views which you catch of the Tay, and the Bran—of the village and abbey of Dunkeld; and,—of the picturesque bridge over the Bran.

After travelling about a mile along this vale, you cross the Bran and reach the inn of Inver—the great pass by this road

into the Highlands—situate on a beautiful peninsula formed by the confluence of the Bran and the Tay.

Cross the Tay, at the ferry of Inver, and proceed down its northern bank, by a beautiful green walk, through the Duke of Athol's garden, to the remains of the

#### ABBAY OF DUNKELD.

The ruins of this abbey, which consist of the nave of the great church, the two aisles and the tower, stand in a grove of venerable trees, on the margin of the Tay. The architecture is a judicious union of the Gothick and the Saxon. The tower is uncommonly elegant. Part of the old cathedral, which is very beautiful, is now the parish

church. Near it is the burying place of the family of Athol, decorated with a tablet, containing the arms of all their relatives.

The dreary solitude which pervades these "dilapidated monuments of ancient sanctity"—the religious gloom in which they are enwrapped—the constant cawing of the jackdaw seen flitting athwart the unroofed walls; and—the plaintive twittering of the swallow, nestling in the mouldering vaults, all conspire to collect and compose the wandering thoughts, and to elevate the soul to the contemplation of that Being, for whose adoration the piety of former ages reared, and consecrated this once stately pile.

The residence of the Duke, which is



within a few yards of the abbey, has more the appearance of a villa than a ducal mansion; and, but for its enchanting site, would scarcely attract regard.

Around the mountains which form the northern barrier of the vale, you will find a variety of delightful walks of many miles' extent.

In recrossing the Tay to Inver, you have a captivating view up and down the river. The picturesque sublimity of this vista is undescribable.

Proceeding from Inver nearly half a mile up the north banks of the Bran (a river perhaps more remarkable than any in Britain, for the violent agitation of its waters, and the velocity of its current) through a path, divested of almost

all its natural beauties, to make room for artificial parterres of exotick flowers and plants, you come to a

#### CASCADE.

For a considerable way above this cataract, the waters of the Bran, at some places, confined within a narrow chasm by projecting rocks; at others, uncommonly agitated by the resisting obliquity of the banks, roll, with vast impetuosity through a channel filled with disjointed and fractured stones, of uncommon magnitude and of various forms, till, at length, surmounting every obstacle, they pour in one vast sheet over an inclined, yet abrupt, rock, and form one of the most interesting falls in the country.

On a rocky eminence, forty feet in height, overlooking this scene, stands a Hermitage, or, as it is now more generally called, **OSSIAN'S HALL**, a name belonging to the days of the years that are past. The reverse, however, of a "hall of shells," and indeed of every thing antique, or resembling a hermitage, distinguishes this structure. From a handsome, but small vestibule, in the eastern extremity of the building, adorned with a portrait of Ossian, you are suddenly, by the shifting of the portrait, ushered into a superb room, finished in the stile, and with all the taste, of a modern drawing room. Three large windows, commanding a full view of the fall and



surrounding scenery, occupy the western extremity of the room, the roof and walls of which are elegantly painted and gilt, and richly embossed with mirrors, the glasses of which are some of them red, some of them green, and others colourless; so that, on looking round, you feel as if encircled by a cataract of water, a lava of liquid verdigrise, and a torrent of fire.

Nature has been prodigal in embellishing this chosen spot, and art has not exerted herself altogether in vain; what a pity it is, therefore, that such tinsel'd frippery should be deemed ornamental to a place which so obviously

"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

"But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."\*

\* Thomson.

A little below this hall a picturesque and rustick arch is thrown over the river; and near it, scooped out of the rock, is another hermitage, seemingly a much fitter place for a recluse to make choice of for a retreat, than among the gaudy decorations of the hall.

Leaving here the Duke's improvements, you proceed a mile farther up the river to a

#### RUMBLING BRIDGE.

This bridge, consisting of one arch of only about fifteen feet in span, and not less than fifty feet above the river Bran, is thrown over a gap of granite, whose sides so far incline to each other at the top, as every moment, apparently, to threaten destructive collision. The

bed of the river, for several hundred feet above the bridge, is a gradual ascent full of vast fragments of rock, piled on each other, over which the river, particularly when swoln by rains, rushes with immense velocity, and a thundering noise, till it approaches the bridge, when it precipitates itself over a high cliff, with dreadful fury, convulsing the whole surrounding banks; and, when the day is clear, in the semblance of a luminous vapour, diffusing its spray throughout the atmosphere, to a considerable height above the bridge; then passing into a dark, deep and narrow chasm, it conceals itself under a ponderous stone, suspended between the rocks which support the bridge; and soon after emerges at a distance below, gliding smoothly and placidly along, as if tired by its agitation.



The wooded precipices which adorn the banks of the river, the hoarse murmuring of the torrent, the tremulous motion of the bridge and earth, and the radiancy of the ascending spray, contribute to heighten the grandeur of a scene, which eminently transcends, in many of its parts, that of the Rumbling bridge of Dovan.

Return to Inver, which is the birth place and residence of Mr. Neil Gow, the celebrated self-taught violin player. As if inspired by the genius of his native mountains, the "Strathspeys" and "Laments" of this reverend *Knight of Cremona*, are here given with double energy and enthusiasm. Few occurrences in your tour will afford you more satisfaction than hearing him perform.

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*From Inver to Blair of Athol.*

Twenty Miles.

Cross the Tay again at Inver ferry, and continue your journey to Blair of Athol, through one of the most picturesque countries in Scotland. For seven miles after leaving Inver, the road winds through an almost "boundless contiguity of shade," formed, on

your right, by venerable oaks, lofty pines, wild ash, weeping birch and bowery thickets; while, on the left, the Tay amuses you with all the variety that a river can possibly exhibit; sometimes running close under the road; then retiring behind some plantations; and, again, covered with isles, flowing gently through a beautiful vale.

On the opposite side of the Tay, four miles from the ferry at Inver, you pass Dalguise, the seat of Mr. Stewart; and a mile beyond it, on the same side—passing the church of Douilly on your right—Glenalbert, the property of the same gentleman. Another mile onward, you pass on the same side, Kinnaird, belonging to Mr. Grant; and soon afterwards you meet with the



Tummel, which here empties itself into the Tay.

Proceeding up the rural banks of the Tummel, nearly three miles from its junction with the Tay, you reach the inn of Mulenairn on your right. Immediately beyond it, on the same side, you pass Balleyouchan, the seat of Mr. Ferguson; and Donavard, the property of Mr. Middlemore. About five miles above the union of the Tummel and the Tay, you pass Dumfallandy, on the other side of the Tummel, the seat of Mr. Ferguson. Immediately beyond it, on the east-side of the river, and on your right, Edradour, the seat of Mr. Balneaves. Beyond it, Balnakiellie the property of Mr. Stewart; and still farther on, on the same side, Baledmont, belonging to Mr. Ferguson. Continu-

ing your rout up the Tummel, to its confluence with the Garry, you there pass Faskally, the seat of Mr. Butter, delightfully situate in a verdant meadow, surrounded by planting. Nearly a mile above Faskally, where the road runs close to the river, you enter the pass of Killikrankie, a savage and sublime scene. The valley, as you approach the pass, is beautiful. The mountains, which skreen it, diverging from their base—here in precipitous ascent—there by soft acclivities, swell into an immense height, crowned with natural wood and planting; and the road, which traverses the side of these mountains, at a giddy height from their bottom, affords you a pleasing view of the romantick bridge over the Garry, and of the river, far below, foaming among rocks, disappearing among woods, and forcing

its way among the stones that have tumbled into it from the adjacent heights.

In a plain below the house of Urrard, the seat of Mr. Stewart, two miles beyond the entrance of the pass, was fought the battle of Killikrankie between the famous Claverhouse, Lord Viscount Dundee, and the royal army of William, in which the former lost his life in the moment of victory. Two miles beyond Urrard, you pass, on your right, Lude, the seat of Mr. Robertson; and, opposite to it, on the other side of the Garry, Shierglass, belonging to Mr. Stewart. After travelling about a mile farther you reach

#### BLAIR OF ATHOL.

Athol house, or Blair Castle, as it is



sometimes called, in your approach to it, appears to stand under a hill. It is, however, situate on an extensive plain, encircled by mountains. It was formerly a fortress, and a place of high renown. In 1644 it checked the career of the celebrated Montrose, but was soon after taken by him by assault. Some years, afterwards, in the commonwealth of Cromwell, it shared the same fate; but, in the last rebellion, under the command of Sir Andrew Agnew, it twice repulsed the attacks of the rebels. Prior to the year 1747, it was three stories higher than it is at present, and was fortified by many gothick turrets and battlements, mounted with guns. About that time, to the regret of the lovers of picturesque scenery, it was stripped of its towers and battlements, and reduced to an ordinary dwelling. Many of its

apartments are, however, still noble and spacious, and furnished in great taste.

In former ages, Blair Castle was the principal residence of the chief of the house of Athol. "Here he was found  
"in the hour of danger—here his clan  
"mustered around him; and—here he  
"kept their courage alive, and fed them  
"from his extensive pastures and vast  
"ranges of forest."\*

At the end of the plain on which the castle stands, runs the Tilt; along whose shores walks are conducted to a considerable extent. In the course of these walks, you pass two or three rivulets, which, in cascades, throw themselves

\* Gilpin.

into the Tilt, down a bank of lofty and broken rock. Opposite to one of these, called the York cascade, which pours its waters from an aperture some feet below the summit of the bank, a sort of Hermitage has been dug in the rock, furnished with stone benches, covered with moss, and fenced by an iron palisade, for the purpose of enabling visitors to survey the cascade in security.

Between the approximating bases of the mountains behind the house, lies a valley of about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, the sides and bottom of which are entirely covered with wood. A pleasant walk is carried round this vale, exhibiting, in various places, a view of the sonorous and stony stream below.



The scenery about Athol house is far inferior to that of Dunkeld; and, much as it has been improved, is yet susceptible of still greater improvement.

striking scenery to almost any tract in the Highlands. Nearly a mile from the ferry of the Tummel, you pass through the village of Logiehall, and by the ruins of the castle of Logiehall, the

Duke of Athol. The country thence, to Kenmore, on both sides of the Tay, is adorned with many gentlemen's seats; the most attractive of which are, Baskin-tyre, the seat of Major MacGlashan.

***From Blair of Athol to Kenmore and Taymouth.***

ward, the proprietor, Stewart, and another mile westward, Binnacree, the seat of Mr. Stewart, farther west.

Twenty-six Miles.

Returning through the pass of Killi-krankie to the ferry over the Tummel, at its junction with the Tay, you cross the Tummel, and proceed westward along the north banks of the Tay, through a country equal in beautiful and

striking scenery to almost any tract in the Highlands. Nearly a mile from the ferry of the Tummel, you pass through the village of Logierait, and by the ruins of the regality court-house of the Dukes of Athol. The country thence, to Kenmore, on both sides of the Tay, is adorned with many gentlemen's seats; the most attractive of which are, Easter-tyre, the seat of Major MacGlashan. Ballechan, about a mile to the westward, the property of Mr. Stewart; and, another mile westward, Pitnacree, the seat of Mr. Grant. Still farther west, about a mile each from the other, Fyndynet, Clockfoldich and Derculich, the seats of gentlemen all of the name of Stewart. On the south side of the river, and nearly opposite to Derculich, stands the castle of Grandtully, the ancient seat of the Stewarts of Grandtully. Immedi-



ately beyond Derculich, you pass Edradynate, the property of Mr. Stewart Robertson. Gluny, belonging to Mr. Stewart; and Killichassie the seat of Mr. Fleming. You then reach Tay bridge,\* at the south end of which lies the village of Aberfeldy; and, nearly behind it, the house of Moness, the property of Mr. Fleming.

No traveller ought to omit visiting the

#### FALLS

of the burn or rivulet of Aberfeldy, near Moness, which, says Mr. Pennant, are "an epitome of every thing that can

\* Travellers may either cross Tay bridge, and proceed to Kenmore along the south bank of the Tay, or follow the rout here laid down.

be admired in the curiosity of water falls. A neat walk conducts you along the sides of a deep and well wooded glen, enriched with a profusion and variety of cascades, that strike with astonishment. The first, which lies on the left, runs down a rude stair-case with numbers of landing places, and patters down the steps with great beauty. Advancing along the bottom, on the right, is a deep and darksome chasm, water worn for ages; the end filled with a great cataract, consisting of several breaks. The rocks more properly arch than impend over it, and trees embrown and shade the whole."

"Ascend a ziz-zag walk, and, after a long labour, cross the first cascade. The path is continued among the woods to the top of the hill. Emerge into a corn

field. Re-enter the wood; and discover, from the verge of an immense precipice, another cataract, forming one vast sheet, tumbling into the deep hollow, whence it gushes furiously, and is instantly lost in a wood beneath."

From the north end of Tay bridge on your left, and the church and village of Weem on your right, you soon arrive at castle Menzies, the seat of Sir John Menzies; and a mile beyond it, on the other side of the Tay, you pass Bulfraick, the seat of Mr. Menzies. A mile from Bulfraick, you cross the river Lion; and, after travelling another mile through the richly cultivated grounds of Taymouth, you reach



**KENMORE,**

by a handsome stone bridge, of five arches, over the Tay.

Kenmore is a neat little village, pleasantly situate on a headland projecting into the eastern extremity of Lochtay, of which it commands an enchanting view; particularly from the rising grounds near the church. Before you, is stretched out a noble and pellucid expanse of water, fifteen miles in length, environed on the right by a lofty mountain covered with oaks, which, falling like a grand promontory into the lake, forms, with a peninsula from the opposite shore, a beautiful and spacious bay—over which Benlawers is seen, rearing his majestick head to a height so aerial

as can scarcely be reached by the elevated eye—while the shore on the left, highly cultivated, and swelling slowly into hanging woods, groves and rocks, terminates in a multiform back-ground of russet ridges and broken mountain tops.

On a small island, adorned with venerable trees, near the east end of the lake, stand the ruins of a once elegant Priory, dedicated by Alexander the Second of Scotland, to the memory of his Queen, the natural daughter of Henry the First of England.

In the year 1784 Lochtay experienced a very unusual agitation. At the extremity of a bay at the south side of the village of Kenmore, the waters suddenly retired five yards within their usual

boundary, and in a few minutes returned; continuing thus, alternately, to ebb and flow, for about a quarter of an hour. Then rushing, suddenly, in opposing currents, from east and west, they roaring met, and foaming rose into a billow of considerable magnitude; which, driven westward by the overwhelming impetus of the waters from the bay, slowly decreased as it proceeded, and at length totally disappeared. About five minutes afterwards, the waters rushed back into the bay, and continued, at certain intervals, to ebb and flow for about two hours, lessening gradually in violence, till they finally resumed their wonted tranquillity.

On the next and four following days, however, they suffered fresh, though



not so violent, commotions; and it was not till a month had elapsed, that they totally subsided.

While the waters in the lake were thus agitated, the river Tay, which issues from it on the north side of the village, ran backwards into the lake, with such velocity as to leave its shores and many parts of its bed entirely dry.

In the year 1794, the waters in the lake were again disturbed, but neither so long nor so forcibly.

Lochtay contains pike, perch, eel, char and other trouts.

Nature here, as at Dunkeld, has been uncommonly liberal of her bounties; and here too, as there, has art contriv-

ed to trammel nature, and conceal her beauties from the view. No country abounds in more noble and commanding situations, yet the site of the house of Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, is so unhappily chosen, as to afford you no prospect whatever of the lake—the most distinguished feature in this interesting landscape—transparent as crystal, retiring with its verdant and wooded isles, behind the distant mountains. The grounds, around the house, are also disposed without much taste; and the walks,\* which

\* What is called the Berceau Walk, however, is very magnificent. It is composed of two rows of lime trees, of immense height, which uniting their branches at the top, form a very fine gothick arch. Along the banks of the Tay, it is fifty feet wide, and two hundred and twenty yards in length; but is continued other two hundred and thirty yards, to the junction of the Tay and the Lion.

should occasionally exhibit the charms of this enviable region, seem chiefly intended to conduct you, between formal rows of stately trees, to a few painted seats, and a paltry building, dignified by the name of the Temple of Venus.

The house of Taymouth, was once a turreted castle, but is now, by the addition of two wings, converted into a large and commodious, yet unpleasing, modern looking mansion. It contains little that can engage your attention, if you except the paintings of the famous Jamieson, the Scotch Vandyke, an *élève* of the family of Breadalbane, and son of an architect at Aberdeen.

Among the recesses of the mountains, on the south side of Lochtay, about two miles from Kenmore, the late pious and



benevolent Lady Glenurchay, who had a romantick and even elegant taste in rural decorations, built a

#### HERMITAGE,

near a cascade, on a rivulet called the Acharn, which well merits a visit.

After a wildly devious walk of some hundred yards, along the banks of the Acharn—in which you now and then descry the waters precipitating themselves, in gentle cataracts, towards the lake—you are introduced, by a subterraneous passage, into the hermitage; an octagonal building, consisting of one apartment; the inside walls of which are spread with moss, and the stools with which it is furnished, appropriately covered with the skins of the wild cat, the

deer, the goat, and a variety of other animals.

From the windows of this hermitage, the distant prospect is delightful; but the immediate view is beyond description beautiful. Offering little of that savage grandeur which accompanies most of the water-falls in Scotland, it presents to you, Nature, in her softer mood, pouring from the centre of a sylvan theatre, seemingly created for the purpose, the waters of the Acharn, tinged with the greenish hue of the surrounding foliage, down a broken rock, full two hundred and forty feet in height, into the gloomy bosom of a glen below—a sweet and mellow scene, and finished with the most fascinating elegance.

*From Kenmore to Killin.*

Sixteen Miles.

Leaving Kenmore\* you proceed along the northern banks of Lochtay, to Kil-

\* From Kenmore to Killin, there is also a road along the south banks of the Tay, made a few years ago, at the expense of the Earl of Breadalbane, which, by many travellers, is thought to afford the best views of the lake.



lin. The intermediate country, though far inferior in beauty to what it is either at Kenmore or Killin, will nevertheless, if the weather has been rainy, afford you much amusement, in the number and variety of cascades which continually present themselves. Some of them, tumbling from immense heights. Others, bounding from rock to rock, in foaming torrents, hurling huge fragments of stone to the lake.

About eight miles from Killin, at a frightful height above the lake, yet far below his summit, the road traverses the enormous sides of the gigantick Ben-lawers,\* one of the highest mountains in Scotland.

‘The tempests roll dark on his sides, but calm,  
‘above, his vast forehead appears. White issuing

\* 4015 feet above the level of the sea.

' from the skirt of his storms, the troubled  
 ' torrents pour down his sides. Joining as they  
 ' roar along, they bear *their waters*, in foam,  
 ' to the *lake*.\*

It not unfrequently happens that the  
 traveller through these lofty regions,  
 finds himself, this moment, enveloped in  
 clouds, enabled,

' As the low hung vapour passes along  
 ' to take it by the curling head;†

and the next, to behold it above him,  
 skimming the mountain tops; or, far be-  
 low, like an enraged billow, rolling,  
 tempestuous, over the plain.

In the approach to Killin, the coun-  
 try assumes a more pleasing aspect;  
 the hills are luxuriantly clothed with

\* Fragment of a Northern Tale.

† Ossian.

wood, and the vallies with soft vegetation.

About a mile from Killin, you pass on your left, the ruins of the

#### CASTLE OF FINLARIG,

at the bottom of the rugged heights of that name. This castle, the ancient seat of the Campbells, Knights of Glenurchay, was built by Sir Colin Campbell, about the year 1523. While a number of the Campbells were once assembled at a christening in the great hall of this castle, intelligence was brought them, that the Macdonalds of Keppoch had made an inroad into the lands of some of their friends; had acquired a great booty; and were, at that instant,



passing in triumph over Strone-clachan,  
a high hill in the neighbourhood,

\* Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,\*  
the Campbells started from table; ascend-  
ed the hill with thoughtless bravery, and  
attacked the Macdonalds, but were over-  
powered, and twenty of them left dead  
on the spot. When the news of this  
disaster reached Taymouth, the resi-  
dence of their chieftain, he immediate-  
ly despatched a re-enforcement to the  
Campbells; who pursued the Macdon-  
alds; overtook and defeated them on the  
braes of Glenurchay; slew the brother  
of their chieftain; rescued the booty,  
and returned to Finlarig castle, glorying  
in the completion of their revenge.

Killin is a small irregular village, si-

\* Rowe.

tuates at the west end of Lochtay, on a peninsula formed by the Lochy and the Dochart, which unite a little to the eastward of the village, before they enter the lake.

Encircled by green hills, and abounding in rich meadow ground, the environs of Killin exhibit a truly pastoral scene.

About a quarter of a mile to the westward of the inn, a rustick and romantick bridge is thrown over the Dochart, a roaring and impetuous stream; and immediately below it, in a dark grove of aged pines, on a small island in the Dochart, lies the burial place of the family of M'Nabb. Imagination cannot fancy a scene more fitted to awaken ideas of religious so-

lemnity and awe, nor more suitable for the burying place of a highland chieftain.

Tradition says, that the bones of the celebrated Fingal were entombed at Killin; and, at a little distance from the village, the precise spot is pointed out.

- ‘ A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which
- ‘ whistles in the wind, mark to the hunters
- ‘ eye, the grave of the mighty *Fingal*.’

• Ossian.



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*From Killin to Tyndrum.*

*Eighteen Miles.*

Cross the bridge over the Dochart, and proceeding westward, along the banks of that river, you launch into Glendochart; a barbarous country; wild, waste, and dreary; unadorned by nature, and unknown to art; yet, sublime, from its wild simplicity; and pleasing,

from the diversity of its surface—here swelling into lofty mountains—there, subsiding into little dales.

Between four and five miles from Killin, on your left, stands the inn of Liagarstan; and opposite to it, on the north side of the Dochart, Achloin, the seat of Mr. Campbell. About three miles farther on, you pass Lochnure, a small lake; and, a mile beyond it, Loch-dochart, about three miles in length, lying at the base of the stupendous Benmore,\* and decorated with two islands. One of these is a floating island, about fifty one feet in length, twenty nine in breadth, and from three to four feet in thickness; and seems to have been formed by the intertexture of the roots and

\* 3903 feet above the level of the sea.

stems of water plants. It is frequently driven before the wind, and may be pushed about with poles. Sometimes, as it rests near the shore, the cattle are tempted into it, by the verdure of its grass, and are often, by the shifting of the wind, transported to the opposite bank.

The other island contains the ruins of a castle, almost concealed by trees, the ancient residence of the Knights of Lochaw. This castle was once stormed by the MacGregors in a frosty winter. Carrying a great quantity of fascines to the edge of the lake, they formed with them a strong breast work, which they pushed before them, along the ice. Thus defended from the missile weapons of the inhabitants, they effected



a landing, and quickly afterwards made themselves masters of the place.

Lochdochart forms the boundary between Strathfillan and Glendochart. Entering Strathfillan, you still proceed westward, for the length of seven miles along the banks of the Fillan, which empties itself into the east end of Lochdochart, and is famous for a pool formed by the eddy of the river, and consecrated by St. Fillan, one of the saints who converted the ancient inhabitants from Paganism to Christianity. This pool is in high estimation, for its virtue in curing insanity. Some hundreds of people are annually immersed in it, their friends previously walking with them twice round a neighbouring cairn, or collection of stones, on which they deposit some trifle, by way of offering.

After being three times immersed, the patient is bound hand and foot, and confined for a night in an adjoining ruinous chapel. If he be found loose in the morning, hopes are entertained of his recovery; if still bound, his cure remains doubtful.

After travelling a few miles farther, you arrive at Tyndrum, the highest inhabited ground in Britain. At this elevation the waters of the Tay, which may be said to have their source here, run due east; while those of a small lake, within a quarter of a mile of it, run westward into Lochaw.

The inn of Tyndrum, which stands near the little village of Clifton, is situate among mountains of considerable magnitude. The most conspicuous of

these, are those of Bendoran, which are contemplated by the country people as enchanted regions. With a superstitious dread they tell you, that they forebode, by a hollow sound, the approaching storm; that the shepherd knows it well; that instantly, on hearing it, he collects his wandering flocks; and, hastily, conducts them to some neighbouring shelter.



nine miles from Tyndrum you enter the  
 vale of Glenurchay, whose gentle eleva-  
 tions, and verdant pasture grounds, en-  
 riched by the meanders of the Urchay,  
~~comprise a very pleasing landscape.~~  
 Two miles within this vale, stands the  
 inn of Dalnally.

Soon after leaving Dalnally, you ap-  
 proach the beautiful banks of

*From Tyndrum to Inveraray.*

Twenty-seven Miles.

Descending from Tyndrum into  
 Glenlochy, a vale, wild like that of the  
 Dochart, and similar in the sublimity  
 of its simple scenery, you pass about a  
 mile to the westward, on the left, Loch-  
 abie, a small lake, whence a rivulet ac-  
 companies you for some miles. About

nine miles from Tyndrum you enter the vale of Glenurchay, whose gentle elevations, and verdant pasture grounds, enriched by the meanders of the Urchay, compose a very pleasing landscape. Two miles within this vale, stands the inn of Dalmally.

Soon after leaving Dalmally, you approach the beautiful banks of

#### LOCHAW,

a spacious and magnificent lake. The extreme length of Lochaw, is nearly thirty miles. Its average breadth about three quarters of a mile. Like many of the Scottish lakes, its surface is embellished by a number of beautiful islands. On a rocky promontory projecting into its eastern extremity, and under the im-

pending gloom of the neighbouring mountains, stand the dignified ruins of the

### CASTLE OF KILCHURN.

This structure, which still exhibits the vestiges of a castled square tower, was built in 1440, by Sir John Campbell (the second son of Argyll) Knight of Rhodes, and ancestor of the Breadalbane family; and, in after times, it became, from the extensive view which it commanded of the lake, the favourite residence of the chiefs of that family. In 1745 it was garrisoned by the King's troops, in order to defend this pass into the highlands, and secure the tranquillity of the country.

On a small island, called



## FRAOCH ELAN,

there are also the remains of a castle, which, with the island and some contiguous lands, were granted by Alexander the Third to the chief of the clan of McNaughtan; on condition that he should entertain the King whenever he passed that way.

Fraoch Elan was the Hesperides of this country. "The fair Mego longed  
 "for the delicious fruit of the isle,  
 "guarded by a dreadful serpent. Fraoch,  
 "who had long loved the maid, goes  
 "to gather the fruit. By the rustling  
 "of the leaves the serpent was awakened from its sleep. It attacked the  
 "hero, who perished in the conflict.  
 "The monster was also destroyed.

“Mego did not long survive the loss of  
 “her lover.”\*

In another island, called

INISHAIL,

not far from the east end of the lake,  
 are still to be seen the ruins of a mo-  
 nastery, with regard to the origin of  
 which, history and tradition are almost  
 equally silent. It is said to have been a  
 house of Nuns, memorable for the sanc-  
 tity of their lives, and the purity of  
 their manners, and was suppressed at the  
 reformation.

Lochaw abounds with salmon, char,  
 trout and eel, the last of which are

\* A Celtic tale.

abhorred by the country people, who consider them as water serpents, and unfit for the use of man.

Emerging from the ocean and the north-east bank of the lake, mount Cruachan\* soars, in native sublimity, to an amazing altitude. Cruachan, says Mr. Joseph M'Intyre, in his statistical account of the parish of Glenurchay, 'is the weather-gage of the people within view of its lofty summit. Before the storm, "the spirit of the mountain shrieks," and its head and sides are enveloped in clouds. On the summit of this mountain was that fatal spring from which, according to the tradition of our fathers, issued forth the beautiful and extensive lake of Aw.'

\* 3390 feet above the level of the sea.



" Bera, the aged, dwelt in the cave of  
 " the rock. She was the daughter of  
 " Griannan, the sage. Long was the line  
 " of her fathers, and she was the last of  
 " her race. Large and fertile were her  
 " possessions. Her's the beautiful vales  
 " below; and her's the cattle which roam-  
 " ed on the hills around. To Bera was  
 " committed the charge of that awful  
 " spring, which, by the appointment  
 " of fate, was to prove so fatal to the  
 " inheritance of her fathers, and to her  
 " father's race.

" Before the Sun should withdraw  
 " his beams, she was to cover the spring  
 " with a stone, on which sacred and  
 " mysterious characters were impressed.  
 " One night this was forgotten by the  
 " unhappy Bera. Overcome with the  
 " heat and chase of the day, she was

" seized with sleep before the usual  
 " time of rest. The confined waters of  
 " the mountain burst forth into the  
 " plains below, and covered that large  
 " expanse now known by the lake of  
 " Aw. The third morning, Bera awak-  
 " ed from her sleep. She went to re-  
 " move the stone from the spring, but,  
 " behold, no stone was there! She look-  
 " ed to the inheritance of her tribe.  
 " She shrieked! The mountain shook  
 " from its base! Her spirit retired to the  
 " Ghosts of her fathers, in their light  
 " and airy halls."\*

Ten miles from Inveraray, you begin  
 to lose sight of Lochaw, which, gradu-  
 ally retiring behind the mountains, ex-  
 hibits, in perspective, a pleasing succes-

" unhappy Bera. Overcome with the  
 " heat and chased the day, she was

sion of bays, promontories and peninsulas. Pursuing your rout about five miles farther, you come to the banks of the Aray. Here the scene is totally changed. Immense forests, rich and luxuriant, springing all around you, as if by enchantment. Vast mountains, wooded to their very summits. Valleys, abounding in cultivated enclosures, and adorned with every object that can diversify or add elegance to nature, bespeak your near approach to the residence of some potent chieftain. Following the course of the bold and turbulent Aray, after about an hour's ride, you reach the

#### CASTLE AND TOWN OF INVERARAY.

Placed on a gentle eminence, nearly in the centre of an extensive lawn,



bounded, on each side and behind, by towering mountains, covered with wood; and open eastward to Lochfine, the glory of the scene—here spreading into a magnificent bay, about fourteen miles in circumference, and environed with mountains clothed with forests, or smiling with variegated verdure—the castle of Inveraray, the seat of the Duke of Argyll, certainly enjoys one of the most princely situations in the kingdom.

The exterior aspect of the edifice is not, however, suited to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. It is a quadrangular building, of bluish stone, somewhat gothick, with a round tower at each corner, and a square one in the centre; and very much resembles a cruet frame, or carron grate, to which it has been compared by some modern travel-

lers; but, in the splendour, magnificence, and exquisite taste with which its interior apartments are finished and furnished, it is hitherto unrivalled in this country.

From the lawn on the north side of the castle,

**DONIQUAICH,**

a broken and shaggy rock, springs, in almost perpendicular ascent, to the height of eight hundred feet, forming a noble and animating object. On its summit stands a lonely, yet characteristic, watch tower, commanding a most enchanting prospect of—the boundless plantations reared around by the creative hand of the potent lord of these domains, as if by the magick spell of

some powerful magician—the spacious estuary beneath, crowded with moving groupes of little fishing vessels, with their circling nets; and—a vast range of mist-covered mountains, melting from the sight into the azure verge of the far distant horizon.

Issuing from a narrow valley behind the castle, and sweeping round it below the foot of Doniquaich, the Aray enters the Loch on the north east corner of the lawn.

The Borough of Inveraray, which is seated on the south side of the bay, is neat, regular, and well built. From the windows of the inn, you have one of the best views of this unparalleled scene—the castle, with its accompanying woods and river, overhung by the



rugged sides and domineering summit of Doniquaich—the bridges over the Aray, and a rivulet which joins the lake on the north side of the bay; and—the spacious and relucant lake, skreened by the mountains; producing altogether so harmonious a combination of the sublime and the beautiful, as is, perhaps, no where else to be seen.

The extensive drying barns, built by the Duke, on the margin of a small fresh water lake, at the mouth of the romantic and beautiful valley of Glensheera, about a mile north from the village, are not unworthy the notice of the traveller.

Lochfine, though one of the largest estuaries in North Britain, being upwards of thirty miles in length, was

so much frozen a few years ago,  
as totally to interrupt the navigation,  
for fourteen miles below its northern  
extremity.

the Campbells of Ardkinglas. Nearly  
opposite to it, on the other side of the  
lake, Ardkinglas, a handsome modern  
residence, the seat of Sir Alexander  
Campbell. Thence, almost the whole  
road, by the striking resemblance which  
the summit of a mountain before  
you, on the opposite side of the lake,  
bears to a profile of the human face  
divine, in a recumbent posture.

***From Inveraray to Dumbarton.***

A line below Carndow, the road  
conducts you to Loch-  
**Forty-five Miles.**

Forsaking the delightful scenes of In-  
veraray, you proceed, along the shore  
and round the head of Lochfine, to  
Carndow, a small village about ten  
miles distant; passing, on your right, a-  
bout three miles from Inveraray, the  
ruins of Dunderagh castle, belonging to



the Campbells of Ardkinglass. Nearly opposite to it, on the other side of the lake, Ardkinglass, a handsome modern mansion, the seat of Sir Alexander Campbell. Diverted, almost the whole road, by the striking resemblance which the summit of a mountain before you, on the opposite side of the lake, bears to a profile of the 'human face divine' in a recumbent posture.

A little below Carndow, the road conducts you, from the shores of Lochfine, into Glenkinglass, one of the most beautiful vallies in Scotland. Over the magnificent mountains which compose its sides, nature has spread her velvet mantle. To their very summits they are clothed with soft and luxuriant herbage; broken, only, here and there, by the abrupt channel of some impetuous

torrent. Through the bottom of the valley, runs a clear and gurgling stream, whose murmurs, mingled with the bleatings of the nibbling flocks, and the lowing of the kine, which, in numerous herds, graze this fertile region, prove the only interruption to that tranquillity and universal stillness, which would otherwise prevail.

At the east end of the valley, turning suddenly to your right, you ascend a steep mountain, whence the river which flows through the valley tumbles, in a variety of cataracts, from Bell-loch or Lochrest, a small lake on the top of the mountain. A few yards beyond this lake, you pass a stone seat, near the road, decorated with a tablet bearing this inscription, *Rest and be Thankful*, placed here by the military as a memo-

rial of their labour, in forming the road over so formidable a precipice. Descending on the other side by a curvilinear road, cut out of the rock, you enter the wild and sublime valley of Glenoro. Travelling for about five miles along the verdant bottom of this vale—scattered over with huge fragments of stone, and enclosed between stupendous mountains, on whose shaggy brow rocks of various magnitude and form, apparently once in motion, seem preparing to resume their course—you emerge from it at its eastern entrance, there passing Ardgartan, the property of General Campbell of Strachur, and the residence of Mr. Campbell of Ormadale. Then, turning to your left, you proceed up the western shore of Lochloun, doubling the head



of it at a mile's distance from the  
inn of

ARROCHAR.

With an imposing air of melancholy grandeur, almost buried in woods and enveloped with mountains, the inn of Arrochar, in the rural magnificence of its local situation, excels every other inn in Scotland. It was formerly the residence of the chief of the family of M'Farlane; is now the property of Mr. Ferguson of Raith; and was converted to its present use by the Duke of Argyll, who holds it in lease from the owner.

Opposite to the windows of the inn, on the other side of the Loch, and on the summit of the mountains which

compose one side of the valley of Cro, is seen the Cobler, a towering crag, so named from its exhibiting a most impressive likeness of a cobbler in the attitude of sitting at his work.

A ride of two miles carries you from the shores of Lochloun<sup>\*</sup> to the inn of Tarbert, situate on those of

#### LOCHLOMOND,

a lake—long Scotia's pride and boast, and the most celebrated of all her scenes.

\* From the Arrochar, another road, made chiefly at the expense of that patriotick nobleman the present Duke of Argyll, leads you down the eastern shores of Lochloun, to the Gareloch. Down the eastern shores of that loch, till it joins the frith of Clyde; and up the northern shores of the Clyde, till it reach Dumbar-ton: Passing Roseneath, one of the seats of the Duke of Argyll, delightfully situate on a peninsula projecting into the Clyde, on your right, at the mouth of the Gareloch—Ardincaple, a little beyond it, on your left, be-

The Inn of Tarbert, is almost directly opposite to Benlomond,\* and was

longing also to the Duke of Argyll; and still farther on, on your right—Ardmore, the beautiful and seemingly insulated seat of Mr. Noble. Besides a great number of other gentlemen's seats; all, commanding a charming view of the Clyde, and the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow on the opposite shore.

This road from Dumbarton to the Arrochar, and sometimes as far as Inveraray, returning by Tarbert and Lochlomond, is now becoming the favourite and fashionable excursion of the citizens of Glasgow; and certainly, in no part of Great Britain, perhaps in Europe, can there be found, in the same extent, such a variety of animating and interesting objects of art, combined with so many of the grandest and noblest productions of nature.

To reverse, however, the order of this excursion—to proceed from Dumbarton up the Leven and Lochlomond by Tarbert to the Arrochar; and return by the Gareloch, will, by many, be thought the most pleasing and picturesque; because you thus keep Benlomond and the other mountains of the lake, constantly before you, till you reach Tarbert: And in your return from the Arrochar, the Gareloch, the Clyde, and the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow, &c. open more suddenly upon you; and consequently produce a more striking and pleasing effect.

\* Or Benlochlomond, signifying, in gaelick, the hill of the lake with many islands; it is 3262 feet above the level of the sea.



once the principal inn on this road; but, since the establishment of the large and commodious inn at Arrochar, it has been but little frequented. It is now, however, about to be repaired, and considerably enlarged. On a pane of glass, in one of the windows of this inn, a Mr. Russel, about six and twenty years ago, inscribed the following lines, still extant, descriptive of the difficulties attending the ascent of Benlomond.

Stranger, if o'er this pane of glass perchance,  
 Thy roving eyes should cast a casual glance;  
 If taste for grandeur, and the dread sublime,  
 Prompt thee Benlomond's fearful height to climb;  
 Here stop attentive, nor with scorn refuse,  
 The friendly rhymings of a Tavern Muse:  
 For thee the Muse this rude instruction plann'd,  
 Prompted, for thee, her humble Poet's hand.  
 Heed thou the poet: he thy steps shall lead  
 Safe o'er yon tow'ring hill's aspiring head.  
 Attentive then, to this informing lay,  
 Read how he dictates, as he points the way.

Trust not at first a quick advent'rous pace,  
 Six miles its top points gradual from the base.  
 Up the high rise, with panting haste I pass'd,  
 And gain'd the long laborious steep at last.  
 More prudent you, when once you pass the deep,  
 With cautious steps and slow, ascend the steep.  
 Oh! stop a while, oft taste the cordial drop,  
 And rest, Oh! rest, long long upon the top.  
 There hail the breezes, nor, with toilsome haste,  
 Down the rough slope, thy youthful vigor waste.  
 So shall thy wond'ring sight at once survey,  
 Woods, lakes, and mountains, vallies, rocks and seas  
 Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order stand  
 Stretched o'er the western and the northern land,  
 Enormous grouses! while Ben, who often shrouds  
 His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,  
 High o'er the rest, exulting in his state,  
 In proud pre-eminence sublimely great,  
 One side, all awful, to th' astonish'd eye,  
 Presents a rise three hundred fathoms high,  
 Which swells tremendous on th' affrighted sense,  
 In all the pomp of dread magnificence.  
 All this, and more, shalt thou with wonder see,  
 And own a faithful monitor in me.

Turning to the right at Tarbert, you  
 proceed down the west bank of the lake,  
 along one of the most romantick roads  
 in Britain; here, washed by the waters

of the Lomond, and there, impending from the side of some elevated mountain, adorned with hanging woods, through which you now and then catch a peep of the lake. At the lofty point of Farkin, about five miles below Tarbert, it opens upon you in great splendour. Ascending this eminence, still higher than the line of road, you behold it stretching northward, in the appearance of a noble river, between lofty mountains; and southward, into a glorious expanse of water, at least thirty miles in circumference, skirted with a great variety of charming bays and headlands, and swarming with islands, dissimilar in magnitude as well as form. Some, fringed with brushwood, half immersed in the waters, and covered with moss. Others, abounding in rich



verdure, and adorned with wood, serving as deer-parks to the neighbouring families of Montrose and Luss. Some, rising boldly above the lake, into little mountains clothed with wood; or, here and there, glowing with the purpled blossom of the heath. And others—where the “feasted eye unwearied strays,” o’er cultivated fields and smiling meads—reposing gently on its surface. A scene of native sublimity, grandeur, and beauty, surpassing all description; and which—if seen on a fine day, when the pellucid bosom of the lake glistens with the playful sun beam, and the islands and surrounding mountains irradiated by his refulgent rays, are invertedly reflected from its surface—cannot fail to fill the mind with the most lively sensations of rapturous delight.

Besides this elevated point, and the high road which affords you various views of the lake, there are other stations whence its delicious scenery may be contemplated with new and singular pleasure—from the islands of Inchtavanach and Inchmurren, for instance, and the Strone hill near Luss.

Considered, in all its dimensions, Lomond is the largest fresh water lake in Britain. It is about twenty eight miles in length, narrow at its northern end, but expanding, gradually, to the south, to the breadth of seven miles; and contains about thirty islands. The most remarkable of these are,

#### INCHTAVANACH,

about three quarters of a mile in length,

and two furlongs and a half in breadth, containing about one hundred and thirty five acres; one hundred and twenty seven of which are under an oak wood. It is, at present, uninhabited, but was once the residence of a monk, from whom it derives its name, Inchtavanach signifying the island of the monk's house. A sweeter retirement, or one more adapted for a recluse, could not easily be found. Here, secluded from the adventitious intercourse of society, and the intrusions of a tattling world, in the resources of his own mind and in his books, would he find that comfort and happiness, which would render his hours of solitude delightful; and prove an antidote to the dreary howling of the wintry winds, and the tumult-



tuious roar of the surrounding waters.

Remote from man, with God *he'd pass his days,*  
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.\*

#### INCHCONOGAN,

situate to the east of Inchtavanach, and separated from it only by a narrow sound, is about half a mile long, and contains ninety four acres all under a natural oak and fir wood.

#### INCHLONAIG,

about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, containing one hundred and forty five acres, sixty six of which are under a natural wood of old yews, is occupied as a deer park by Sir James Colquhoun of Luss.

\* Parnel.

## INCHMOAN,

about three quarters of a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, containing about ninety nine acres, partly pasturage and partly moss.

## INCHMURREN,

the largest upon the lake, two miles in length, and about one in breadth, woody and irregular, is occupied as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose. At the south west extremity of this island, and under the ruins of a castle which anciently belonged to the Duke of Lennox, stands a neat hunting lodge, containing four apartments, built in 1793 by the Duke of Montrose.

**INCHCALLIOCH,**

or the isle of Nuns, is about a mile in length, high and woody; it contains the ruins of a church or chapel; was once the burying place of the clan MacGregor; and continues to be that of the parish of Buchanan.

**INCHFAD AND INCHCRUNE,**

each about half a mile in length, flat and unwooded.

**INCHGALBRAITH,**

distinguished as the favourite residence of the Osprey or sea Eagle.



## GRANGE AND TORREMACH,

each about half a mile in length and wooded.

On the first of November 1755, when the city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, Lochlomond was very much agitated. The day was perfectly calm, and the surface of the lake still and serene; when, all at once, its waters rose, in large undulations, to the height of many feet; then, suddenly retiring, they sunk as much below their usual level. Their next flow and ebb, though still considerable, were less than the first; and, gradually diminishing, after some hours, the fluctuation entirely subsided. A boat was found on the dry land forty yards from its station in the

lake; and, where the banks of the lake were low, the country was overflowed to a considerable extent.

From the point of Farkin, the road leads you, at the distance of four miles, to the village of Luss; sweetly situate on the western shore of the lake, and celebrated for the salubrity of its air, and the longevity of its inhabitants.

Proceeding southward, still along the banks of the lake, soon after leaving Luss, you pass, on the left, Camstradden, the seat of Mr. Colquhoun; and two miles below it, on a peninsula running into the lake, of which it commands an extensive prospect, Rosedoe, the beautiful seat of Sir James Colquhoun. About a mile south of Rosedoe, you pass Ross-house, on the right, the

seat of Major Colquhoun; and nearly three miles farther on, to the left—after crossing the river Troon\*—Arden, the seat of Mr. Buchanan. Mid-way up the mountains, on your right, about a mile from the road, stands the house of Bannachra, the residence of Mr. McLachlan, commanding a most enchanting prospect. From the summit of the hill behind the house, you have a very extended view, eastward, of the lake and its numerous isles; and westward of the Clyde—the towns of Greenock and Port-Glasgow and—the distant hills of Cowal and Arran.

A mile beyond Arden, on your right,

\* Memorable from being the scene of the massacre of the Colquhouns, by the MacGregors, in 1602, for which the latter were proscribed, and their name, for sometime, suppressed.



you pass Belretiro, the property of Mr. Rnat; and, in its near neighbourhood, on the left, Cameron, the seat of Mr. Smollet. Here, bidding adieu to the highlands, and the bewitching environs of Lochlomond, you continue your rout to Dumbarton, through a rich tract of country, enlivened by a greater number of bleaching-greens and printfields, than any other of the same extent in Britain; accompanied, on your left, by the Leven, a clear and rapid river, which issues from the lake; and amused by the curious bi-conical appearance of the castle of Dumbarton, immediately before you. About a mile from Cameron, you pass, on your right, Wood-bank, the property of Mr. Scott. About a mile beyond it on the same side Broom-lee, belonging to Mr. Carmichael. A mile still farther on, on the left, Bonhill, the

ancient residence of Mr. Smollet; and a little beyond it, on the same side, Cordale, the seat of Mr. Stirling. On a conspicuous station near the road, two miles from Dumbarton, and a little beyond the village of Renton, Mr. Smollet of Bonhill, some years ago, erected a monument to the memory of his cousin german, Dr. Tobias Smollet, the celebrated novellist and historian. It is a round column of the Tuscan order, with an urn on its entablature, and a tablet to the road, bearing a latin inscription, of which the following is a translation.

Stop, Traveller!

If elegance of Taste and Wit; if fertility of genius;

If a masterly art in delineating manners,

Have ever been the objects of your admiration,

Pause a little over the Memory of

TOBIAS SMOLLET, M.D.

With those virtues, which, in the Man and Citizen,

You may both praise and imitate,  
 He was eminently distinguished:  
 As a Writer, he discovered an extensive  
 Knowledge in Literature, and  
 A felicity in Composition  
 Peculiar to himself:  
 Having spent a life in these elegant studies,  
 And secured the applause of posterity,  
 He was snatched from this world  
 By a severe distemper,  
 In the 51st. year of his age;  
 How far alas! from his native country,  
 Near Leghorn in Italy, he lies interred:  
 In memory of his many and distinguished Virtues  
 This Column,  
 Vain pledge, alas! of affection,  
 Was erected on the Banks of the Leven,  
 The place of his nativity,  
 And subject of his latest poetry, by  
 JAMES SMOLLET of Bonhill,  
 His Cousin German, who ought  
 Rather to have received  
 This last tribute  
 From him.

A few hundred yards beyond the mon-  
 ument, on your left, stands the house  
 of Dalquhurn, in which Dr. Smollet  
 was born; and, nearly opposite to it, on



the other side of the Leven, shrouded with trees, Levenside, the residence of Lord Stonefield.

Crossing the Leven, near its confluence with the Clyde, by a neat stone bridge of five arches, you enter

**DUMBARTON,**

an ancient and royal borough, the capital of the county of that name, situate on a tongue of land, formed by the Leven.

In the neighbourhood of this town resting on an open plain, as if left there by chance when form was first impressed on chaos, and nearly surrounded by the Leven, the Clyde, and a morass,

the other side of the river, situated  
to the south of DUMBARTON CASTLE

presents to the astonished eye, one of those whimsical and picturesque exhibitions of Nature, with which she sometimes, though rarely, chooses to amuse herself—an immense bicipitous rock; distant from any high ground at least a mile; five hundred and sixty five feet in height; a mile in circumference at its base; crowned on its higher summit, by the ruins of a watch tower; and, on its lower, by the requisite appendages of a place of strength, which, though not beautiful in their exterior construction, have nevertheless a striking effect.

The interior of this singular fortress well deserves the notice of the traveller.

Entering by a gate at the bottom, you ascend, by one hundred and eighty five steps, to the bed of the cleft which divides the rock. Here, are the barracks, a battery, and a reservoir of spring water, sufficient to supply the garrison. Considerably above this, on the lower summit are several batteries mounted with cannon. The higher summit is almost inaccessible. The Governor's house is pleasantly situate on the south side of the rock, and has a small battery in front. Behind this house, a little cistern of spring water, affords a habitation to a solitary trout, which was put into it above twenty years ago. This recluse has hitherto had no associate, and seems determined by invariably destroying even his own species when thrown in beside him, not only to live, but die, sole tenant of the fount.



The view from the superior batteries of the castle, is interesting and sublime. At a distance, to the north—is seen Lochlomond bounded by towering mountains, above whose cloud cap'd summits Benlomond rears his hoary head, regardless of the whirlwind and serene amid the storm. Below you lies Dumbarton, sometimes nearly hid by the darkening smoke of her extensive glass works, and almost encompassed by the Leven; and between it and the lake, the vale of Leven, finely diversified by an endless profusion of pleasing objects. To the east—you see the Clyde, glittering with the white shivering sails of the numerous vessels employed in her commerce; the rugged heights of Dumbuck, overtopping the loftiest summit of the castle; and the ruins of Dunglass, fast sinking in the waves. To the west—you have again

the Clyde, become a grand and spacious estuary, seemingly so surrounded by mountains as to be denied all egress to the sea.

In former ages, Dumbarton castle was, from its situation, deemed impregnable. It was however reduced by escalade in 1571. " It was the only place " of strength which Mary Stuart, had " retained possession, from the commencement of the civil war which " then ravaged her dominions, and it " was considered as the most convenient " place in the kingdom to land any foreign force, which might have been " sent to her assistance. Lord Fleming, " the Governor of the fortress, felt " more than sufficient security, for, the " practicability of an escalade being " suggested with some confidence to

“the regent, he encouraged the idea,  
“thinking the prize too considerable  
“not to justify some hazards. Every  
“approach was guarded by which any  
“previous communication of the scheme  
“could have reached the Governor.  
“Capt. Crawford, a gallant officer, march-  
“ed by moon-light from Glasgow, at the  
“head of a chosen band of daring and  
“resolute soldiers. They approached  
“the foot of the rock, just after the  
“moon was set, and a sudden fog had  
“enveloped the atmosphere. Finding  
“scaling ladders prepared, they lost not  
“a moment in commencing their en-  
“terprize. The first ladder, which had  
“been too hastily fixed, fell beneath the  
“weight of the person who mounted  
“it. Fortunately no one received hurt,  
“nor was any alarm taken at the noise  
“which must have attended the acci-



"dent. The Captain, and his follow-  
 "ers, braving all their former difficul-  
 "ties and scrambling again up the rock  
 "after their conductor, found means, at  
 "a certain height, to fasten a ladder to  
 "the root of a tree. One of the assail-  
 "ants, who was ascending before his  
 "companions, fell into a fit, and was  
 "caught by a round of the ladder about  
 "mid-way. All farther passage up was  
 "stopped. This circumstance was sin-  
 "gularly distressing; but neither the  
 "Captain's presence of mind, nor his  
 "humanity deserting him, he ordered  
 "the man, that he might not in his  
 "helpless state be precipitately rolled to  
 "the bottom of the rock, to be tied on  
 "the underside of the ladder. The rest  
 "then mounted without impediment,  
 "but though landed at the top of the  
 "rock, had yet the high wall of the

“ fortress to scale, and the day was be-  
“ ginning to dawn. All now depended  
“ upon courage, and the celerity of  
“ their movements. After that which  
“ had been atchieved, the former could  
“ not easily fail, nor was the latter  
“ wanting to second it. A sentinel, see-  
“ ing the first man mount the parapet,  
“ had scarcely a moment to give the  
“ alarm, before he was despatched;  
“ while the garrison, half naked and un-  
“ armed, ran out in the utmost constern-  
“ ation, more anxious how to secure  
“ themselves than to repel the assailants.  
“ These shouting aloud rushed furious-  
“ ly forward, and made themselves mas-  
“ ters of the powder magazine, and  
“ then of the artillery, which they soon  
“ levelled upon their enemies. The  
“ Governor flew by a boat into Argyll-  
“ shire. All resistance quickly ceased,

“and Crawford, without losing a sin-  
 “gle man, remained master of the  
 “place.”\*

\* Lettice.



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*From Dumbarton to Glasgow.*

Fifteen Miles.

Travelling eastward along the banks of the Clyde, about two miles from Dumbarton you pass, on the left, Dumbuck, a steep and fractured rock, the termination of a chain of hills which rise near Bannockburn in Stirlingshire, here known by the name of the Kilpa-

trick hills; opposite to which, on the south side of the Clyde, stands Bishop-ton, once the property of Lord Sempill, now belonging to Sir James Campbell. About a mile beyond Dumbuck, in a hollow of the mountains on your left, you pass the printfield and house of Milton. Immediately beyond it, on your right, lie the ruins of Dunglass castle, beautifully situate on a peninsula of the Clyde. It was once a roman station; and, in Oliver Cromwell's time, was a place of some strength. On a woody eminence, overlooking Dunglass from the left, stands the house of Auchintorlie, the property of Mr. Buchanan. Within half a mile of Auchintorlie, you pass, on your right, Friskiehall, the property of Mr. Crawford, seated on the margin of the Clyde; and, in its immediate vicinity, Bowl-

ing-bay, where the great canal from the Forth enters the Clyde. From Bowling-bay, the road leads you, to the village of Old Kilpatrick.

At this place terminated the celebrated Roman rampart, called Grahame's Dyke, the ditch of which was originally twenty two feet deep and forty seven feet wide. It was guarded by numerous stations or forts, and extended hence to the Forth, at the distance of nearly thirty seven miles, forming a barrier between the Caledonians to the north, and the Roman provinces to the south.

Nearly opposite to Kilpatrick, on the other side of the Clyde, stands Erskine house, the property and occasional residence of Lord Blantyre. Not far



from Kilpatrick, passing the iron works of Dalnotter, you ascend

**DALNOTTER HILL,**

belonging to the Lord President of the Court of Session, whence you have one of the most charming views in the island. It is, however, retrospective. Turning round, before you gain the summit of the hill, at the house of Mr. Davidson on your right, you behold—the Clyde, here a noble river, stretching beyond Dumbarton castle; embayed on the left, by Erskine point, adorned by Erskine house and plantations. At a considerable distance, and near the middle of the landscape—the castle and part of the town of Dumbarton, skreened by a back ground of lofty mountains. On the right, between you

and Dumbarton—the ruins of Duglass castle running into the Clyde, apparently from the base of the bold hill of Dumbuck. Still nearer you—Bowling-bay, where the great canal is seen entering the Clyde; and hard by it—the village of Kilpatrick and Dalmotter iron works, o’erhung by the hills of Kilpatrick—altogether composing as chaste a landscape as ever fancy formed or genius could devise. From the root of a solitary ash tree, in a field on the north side of the road, besides a pleasing prospect up the Clyde, you have a view of the same scenes under a different aspect—the Clyde, now seemingly landlocked, and gradually expanding into a magnificent bason several miles in breadth, out of which the insulated rock of Dumbarton castle, rises, in great majesty and grandeur, as from the bo-

some of some spacious lake, whose shores, composed of fertile fields and extensive plantations, exhibit, in addition to the objects before enumerated—the woods which obscure the house of Finlayston, at the distance of some miles on the left, once the seat of the Earl of Glencairn, now the property of Mr. Graham of Gartmore; and, under clouds of ascending smoke, at a still greater distance on the same side—the towns of Port Glasgow and Greenock, and—the shipping in the roads; all contributing to diversify and animate the scene.

Language is inadequate to express the feelings of the fond admirer of Nature, when, on passing the summit of Dalnotter hill, from the eastward, this landscape is unexpectedly, and suddenly, unfolded to his view.



About a mile beyond Dalnotter hill, you pass through the village of Dalmuir, above which, surrounded by trees, stands Mountblow, the property of Mr. Donald; and, nearly opposite to it, close to the south bank of the Clyde, Sempill house, the residence of Lord Sempill. Proceeding eastward, through a rich and highly cultivated country, seven miles from Glasgow, you cross the great canal, by a draw-bridge. Somewhat beyond it, and about two miles from the road, you descry, on your left, a curious gothick gateway, leading to the house of Garscadden, the seat of Mr. Colquhoun; and nearly opposite to it, on the south bank of the Clyde, Park, the seat of Mr. Fulton. About three miles to the southward of Park, over the bridge of Inchinan, lies the town of Paisley; and about the same distance

northward from it, near the confluence of the Clyde and the Cart, here ornamented with a woody island, Renfield-house, the seat of Colonel Campbell of Blythwood. To the eastward of Renfield-house, stands the borough of Renfrew, the capital of the county of that name; and, in its immediate neighbourhood, the house of King's-Inch, the property of Mr. Spiers of Elderslie. Between four and five miles from Glasgow, on the north side of the river, you pass close by the house of Scotstown, the seat of Mr. Oswald. About a mile farther on, on an eminence to your left, Jordanhill, the property of Colonel Houstoun. Nearly two miles beyond it, you cross the Kelvin by a bridge at the village of Partick; and soon afterwards, passing through the village of Anderston, you reach the city of

## GLASGOW.

Glasgow, which is situate on the north banks of the Clyde, is one of the most ancient towns in Scotland. It is said to owe its origin to St. Mungo, or Kentigern, who first preached Christianity to the rude inhabitants of the country, and, about the end of the sixth century, founded a Bishoprick here. To have been built without any determinate plan, it is probably the handsomest and most regular city in Europe. The two principal streets, which traverse each other at right angles, about the centre of the town, are nearly a mile and a half in length; and are, themselves intersected, at nearly right angles, by other streets, all broad and well paved. The houses are of stone,



elegant and lofty; and, combined with the publick buildings, and their numerous spires, springing gracefully into the air, produce a very pleasing effect.

Of the publick buildings, the most remarkable are, the Cathedral, the Royal Infirmary, the College, the Tolbooth, the Town-house, the Tontine Hotel and Coffee Room, the Guildhall, and St. Andrew's Church.

Seated on an eminence, at the north-east extremity of the town, in the middle of an extensive burying ground, strewn with the 'ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb', on the brink of a rivulet, near a small plantation of scowling pines, and involved in a solemn and monastick gloom,

# THE CATHEDRAL OF GLASGOW,

with its accompanying scenery, seldom fails to superinduce in those who visit it, a deep and pious melancholy, strongly remindful of Mortality, of

————— “Man’s tender tie  
on earthly bliss.”\* —————

This venerable structure, the most entire of the kind in Scotland, was founded in 632; was partly built by John Achaius, bishop of Glasgow, about 1077; and finished by bishop Babington about the year 1250. It was designed, originally, to form a cross, but its transept was never completed. Its extreme length, within walls, is 284

\* Young.

feet, its breadth 65, and its height 90. The height of the middle tower is 220 feet.

It is divided into three places for public devotion, one of which is partly under ground, a dank and darksome vault, where the congregation may not unaptly be compared to

—‘ those thick and gloomy shadows—

‘ Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,

‘ Linger and sitting by a new made grave.’\*

It is, however, to be hoped that the time is not far distant, when the well known taste and public spirit of the citizens of Glasgow, will, by throwing open the western entrance; removing the walls, the galleries, and the benches,

\* Milton.

B b



which at present compose the places of publick worship; and erecting a handsome chapel in their stead, restore to this truly magnificent and gothick pile its pristine simplicity and grandeur.

This cathedral was preserved from the destructive fury of a country rabble at the reformation, by the judicious remonstrance of the chief magistrate, "I am for pulling down the high church" said he "but not till we have first built a new one."

In contrast with the gloom-imposing aspect of the cathedral, and immediately to the westward of it, stands the

#### ROYAL INFIRMARY,

a light, airy, and elegant fabrick; built,

from a design of Robert Adam, Esquire, by subscription in 1792, on the ground formerly occupied by the Episcopal palace.

#### COLLEGE.

The college, which was founded in 1450 by James the Second, but built and endowed by Turnbull, bishop of Glasgow, is a gothick building, extending in front 330 feet along the east side of the High-street; decorated with an antique gateway in the centre, surmounted by the arms of the Royal Family cut in stone. It consists of two courts, and two squares. In one of the courts the Professors reside; and from the other you enter into a large garden appropriated to the recreation of the students. In another garden to the east-

ward, stands the observatory. The library contains upwards of 17,000 volumes.

#### TOLBOOTH OR PRISON.

The tolbooth or prison, is a pretty large building, adorned with turrets, and a tower and spire 126 feet in height. Here, the records of the city are deposited; the magistrates hold their courts; and the city clerks have their offices. It formerly contained a hall where the assizes, and the sheriff and justice of peace courts, were held; but this is now converted into an elegant vestibule, leading to a neat but small court house, on the north side of the Prison.

Adjoining the tolbooth, on the west side is the



## TOWN HOUSE OR HALL,

raised over a piazza of square columns, ornamented with ionick pilasters, and surmounted by a stone ballustrade embellished with vases. It is about fifty two feet in length, by twenty seven in breadth, and contains full length portraits of James the Sixth and Seventh, Charles the First and Second, William and Mary, Queen Ann, George the First, Second and Third, and Archibald Duke of Argyll in his justiciary robes.

Under, and in front of this building, is the Exchange, adorned with an equestrian statue of William the Third, and behind the building lies the

**TONTINE HOTEL AND COFFEE-ROOM,**

The coffee-room is the largest and most elegant of the kind in Britain. It is 72 feet in length, and of correspondent dimensions in its height and width.

**GUILDHALL.**

The guildhall, or merchants-house, which was built in 1659, would pass unnoticed by the traveller, were it not for its elegant spire. The hall is eighty two feet in length, and thirty in breadth.

**ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.**

The interior of the church of St. An-

drew, which is of the Corinthian order, is an ornament to the city; nor is its exterior appearance unworthy of the other, were it not disfigured by the form of its steeple. It was built in 1756, after the model of St. Martin's in the Fields London. Its composite portico and pilasters, and its ornamented vases, &c. are also beautiful embellishments.

Besides these, Glasgow contains a number of other publick buildings. The most deserving of notice among them are, the Markets, Assembly Room, Grammar School, Trades-hall, Barracks, and Bridewell.

In what is called the



**GREEN,**

Glasgow enjoys one of the most delightful publick walks in the kingdom. It is, however, but little frequented by the citizens, being, in a great measure, detached from the west-end of the town by the slaughter-house, and other disagreeable and shabby buildings.

A branch of the great canal between the Forth and the Clyde terminates in a spacious bason at

**PORT DUNDAS,**

about a mile from the city; and is there joined by the Monkland canal, formed for the purpose of bringing coal from

the coal mines at Monkland, about twelve miles to the eastward.

Extensive canals, considered as the means of facilitating universal intercourse, cannot be contemplated without expanding and elevating the mind; a visit, therefore, to Port-Dundas, and to the aqueduct-bridge over the Kelvin, about three miles from town, ought not to be neglected by the traveller.

#### THE AQUEDUCT BRIDGE,

the most stupendous fabrick of the kind in Europe, is thrown over the river Kelvin, at the height of nearly eighty feet above its bed, and consists of four arches, each fifty feet in span, and about fifty six in breadth; the extreme abutments of which, rest on the lofty

banks of the river, here clothed in wood to the water's edge. The length of this bridge, is about four hundred feet; the breadth of the canal within the parapets, about twenty-four, and its depth eight; presenting to a person on the banks of the river below, when vessels are crossing it, a magnificent and impressive scene; viewed, either as to the importance of the object in the scale of commercial advantage; or, as a grand and illustrious monument of human ingenuity and power.

The breadth of the canal is fifty six feet at top, and twenty seven at bottom, and its depth eight. Its greatest elevation, above the sea, is one hun-



dred and sixty feet; and its head level extends sixteen miles; to which height vessels are raised by twenty locks, on the east side, but by nineteen only on the west, as the Clyde, does not ebb so low by eight feet as the Forth. It is thirty-five miles in length, and is capable of admitting vessels of nineteen feet beam, and sixty-eight feet in length, over all. There are twenty-five draw-bridges over it, and forty three acqueduct bridges and funnels below it, some of which are of considerable magnitude.

The lover of mechanicks will be gratified by a visit to the locks on the Monkland canal, at Blackhill, about a mile to the eastward of the town; by which, vessels of from twenty to thirty tons burden, are, within a less space than

a quarter of a mile, raised to a height of  
 ninety-six feet.

extends sixteen miles; vessels are raised by twenty locks on the east side, but by nineteen only on the west, as the Clyde does not ebb so low by eight feet as the Forth. It is thirty-five miles in length, and is capable of admitting vessels of nineteen feet beam, and sixty-eight feet in length over all. There are twenty-five draw-bridges over it, and forty three aqueduct bridges and tunnels below it, some of which are of considerable magnitude.

The tower of mechanics will be erected by a viaduct to the locks on the Monkland canal, at Blackhill, about a mile to the eastward of the town; by which vessels of from twenty to thirty feet beam are getting a less space than

*From Glasgow, by Hamilton, to the Falls  
of the Clyde, near Lanark.*

Twenty-five Miles.

The road from Glasgow, to the Falls of the Clyde, traverses one of the richest and most beautiful tracts in Scotland. Till you approach the environs of Bothwell castle, about seven miles from Glasgow, it is not, however, very inte-



resting. On your right, indeed, it is adorned with several gentlemen's seats, but most of them are so remote from the road, or so obscured by plantations, as scarcely to be seen. About six miles from Glasgow you turn to your right, and crossing the river Calder, proceed up the banks of the Clyde, through the village of Uddingstone, to the ruins of

#### BOTHWELL CASTLE,

of which you have a view, for some-time, before you enter Uddingstone. This sumptuous ruin, which is seated on the north bank of the Clyde, still exhibits some remnants of its former splendour, and in these, energetically displays, the inefficacy of mortal power, opposed to the resistless and unceasing

devastations of time. It originally formed an oblong square, with a round turret at each corner; and occupied a space of two hundred and thirty four feet in length, and ninety nine in breadth, over the walls. Three of the turrets are still nearly entire. The walls, great part of which are yet standing, mantled with ivy, are sixty feet in height, and fifteen in thickness. History and tradition seem equally silent about the date of its origin. In the reign of Edward the First of England it was given to the Earl of Pembroke. On his forfeiture, it was bestowed by Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, on Lord Bothwell his brother in law, with whose grand daughter it descended to Archibald, the Grim, Earl of Douglas, in which family it continued till their attainder, in the reign of James the Second in 1445. Af-

ter a variety of transmissions it reverted to the family of Douglas, by the death of Archibald Earl of Forfar, in 1715.

In the natural beauties of its situation—on the broad summit of a lofty bank, spread, “anle deep with moss and “flow’ry thyme,” diversified with trees of every growth, and, laved by the dimpled waters of the Clyde—Bothwell castle may already be ranked among the most distinguished seats in Clydesdale; and, excepting the incongruous embellishment of a bowling green and flower borders in the interior of the ruins, so correct and judicious a taste, has lately been displayed in the plans adopted for its improvement, that it promises, in a few years, to become one of the most delightful scenes in Scotland.



Bothwell house, the present residence of Lord Douglas, a handsome modern edifice of reddish stone, stands a little to the eastward of the castle.

Opposite to Bothwell castle, on the summit of a rock rising perpendicularly from the river, lie the ruins of the

#### PRIORY OF BLANTYRE,

of the history and origin of which no authentick account can now be obtained. It is said to have been founded before the year 1296, and to have once been occupied by a colony from the monastery at Jedburgh.

Soon after leaving Bothwell house, you pass through the village of Bothwell; behind which, at a considerable

distance from the road, on your left, lies Bothwell-park the seat of Mr. Hamilton, commanding a noble prospect up the Clyde; and a little farther on, overlooking the Clyde from the south, Craighead, the property of Mr. Hill. A few hundred yards beyond Craighead, you cross Bothwell bridge, the scene of an engagement, in 1679, between the whigs or covenanters, and the king's army commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, in which the former were defeated. Then ascending a rising ground from the bridge, you enter the park of the Duke of Hamilton, which conducts you, by a spacious avenue, past the barracks on your right, to the town of

## HAMILTON.

The town of Hamilton though situated in the finest country in Scotland, attracts the attention of the traveller chiefly as a ducal residence. It contains a very handsome church built in 1732, on an elevated piece of ground above the town.

Hamilton house, or as it is usually called, the

## PALACE OF HAMILTON,

the residence of the Duke of that name, is a large pile, forming three sides of a gloomy and cheerless quadrangle; below, and in the immediate vicinity of, the town. In grandeur of situation, it



is, probably, far inferior to many of the mansions of the Scottish nobility; but—seated on a magnificent meadow, near the confluence of the Avon and the Clyde, in the midst of groupes of venerable oaks, and trees of various description—in the rich and sylvan beauties of its scenery, it, certainly, is surpassed by none.

In the interior of the building, on the west side, a large drawing room or gallery occupies the whole of one floor, and contains a capital collection of pictures by eminent masters, many of them of uncommon merit; particularly, Daniel in the lion's den, and the portrait of the Earl of Denbigh, both by Rubens; besides several horses and dogs by Gilpin and Garrard.

On an eminence, overlooking the wild, woody, and stupendous banks of the Avon, at about a mile's distance from the palace, stands

**CHATELHERAULT**, a showy structure, adorned with numerous towers and pavilions; so called from certain possessions which the Dukes of Hamilton once held in France. It was intended for a banqueting house.

Nearly opposite to Chatelherault on the west bank of the Avon, stand the ruins of the castle of Cadzow, the ancient residence of the family of Hamilton.

**BARNCLUITH**, a small villa, seated on a bold bank

somewhat below the ruins of Cadzow, deserves a visit from the traveller, perhaps more from what it once was, than what it now is.

Below the house, terraces cut from the solid rock, one under the other, covered with fruit trees of various kinds, led you to the river. Evergreens, of different forms stood along these walks. On favourable situations, were erected handsome pavilions, and a *jet d'eau*, in the centre of a bason, ejected water to a great height. But most of these artificial objects, are now no more. It still, however, commands an interesting prospect of the opposite banks of the Avon, rising from the water, in form of a vast and wooded amphitheatre, interspersed with the naked front of some projecting cliff, or blighted top of some aged oak;



and, here and there, a peep of the open fields; or, of the Avon running o'er its pebbled bed below; exciting, altogether, such an assemblage of soothing ideas, as wonderfully to impress the imagination.

Leaving Hamilton, by the great road leading to Carlisle, you cross the Avon by a stone bridge, at Chatelherault, where you catch a cursory view of the romantick walks of Barncluith; and soon afterwards, come in sight of a temple or summer-house, belonging to Mr. Hamilton of Dalziel, seated on a bold and woody bank, on the north side of the Clyde, once the site of a Roman out-post or Castellum.

About two miles from Hamilton, you leave the Carlisle road; and, turning to

your left, descend by one of the finest roads\* in the kingdom, into the Eden of Scotland, the vale of Clyde, or, as it is sometimes called, Dalepatrick, from a Romish chapel, dedicated to St. Patrick, which once stood near the farm houses of Dalepatrick above the village of Dalsersf. Passing, as you descend into the vale, Dalziel house, the seat of Mr. Hamilton, seated in the centre of an avenue of aged trees, on the north side of the Clyde, a little to the eastward of the temple; and a mile beyond it Muir

\* This road, which discloses to the traveller some of the sweetest scenes in nature, was projected and chiefly executed about two years ago by that truly patriotick and worthy member of society, David Dale, Esq. of Glasgow, proprietor of Lanark cotton mills. It is a pity, however, that it was not carried along the river to the Ross, where the Avon mingles with the Clyde; and that, where it impends over the Clyde, no fence has yet been reared for the security of the traveller.

house the property of Mr. Hamilton of Orbiston. Fancy to yourself, an extensive valley, composed of numerous orchards "big with bending fruit," of highly cultivated fields, clothed with verdant vegetation, or, nodding with yellow corn; cheered by white cottages and gentlemen's seats; and watered by the Clyde—here, scouring rapidly o'er its pebbly bottom;—there, in silent survey of its own beauty, gliding placidly along. Imagine, the gently rising grounds which, on each side, shelter this enchanting spot—the deep glens, fringed with wood, by which they are divided—the woodlands, swelling up this mountain's side, and—the rocks, half clad in Nature's russet robe, projecting out of that, and heightening by their



contrast, the beauties of the scene. Throw over all, the sun's last parting rays, blending in regular gradation and with enchanting softness, the varied tints of this delightful group; and then say, whether Dalepatrick does not merit the appellation of the Paradise of Scotland.

Proceeding up this vale, occasionally over-shadowed by the spreading branches of the apple and the plumb tree, smiling with fragrance-breathing blossoms, or loaded with delicious fruit, you pass the manse of Cambusnethan, on the north side of the river, about a mile to the eastward of Muirhouse; and, between it and the Clyde, nearly four miles from Hamilton, the house of Cambusnethan, belonging to Mr. Lockhart, luxuriantly spread over with the ver-

dant foliage of the jargonelle, and beautifully situate in a spacious lawn, diversified with trees. About a mile and a half beyond Cambusnethan, on the same side of the river, after passing the farmhouse of Garion haugh, you descry, at a winding of the river, Garion tower, once the residence of the Hamiltons of Garion; immediately above which, the Garion-gill burn, celebrated by mineralogists for its numerous seams of coal, empties itself into the Clyde.

Between the Gill burn and Mauldslie, about a mile to the eastward, the grounds, rising boldly from the river and intersected by deep glens, completely clad with plantations, compose a number of beautiful banks; at the summit of one of which, formed like an avenue gradually expanding towards the south-

west, and fronting Dalsersf, stands the house of Brounlee\* the seat of Mr. Harvie.

Close by the village of Dalsersf, on the south side of the Clyde, on a gentle rising ground, in the centre of a semicircular lawn, formed by the river, stands the house of Dalsersf, the seat of Miss Hamilton of Broomhill; and, immediately overlooking it from the

\* The following poetical description of Brounlee was written about twelve years ago, by a now deceased friend of the owner, by whom it was politely communicated to the author.

Once† these steep braes were brown and bare,  
Nor tree, nor shrub, save broom, was there,  
Or brambles wild or wither'd fern,  
And here and there a prickly thorn;  
But now with verdure bright, they shine,  
The glens adorn'd with lofty pine,  
And spreading oaks, new forms assume;  
While orchards breathe their sweet perfume,  
Of this sweet spot, soon as the Clyde

† 1764.



west, the house of Millburn, belonging to the same Lady, commanding a charming prospect of the vale below, and a most extensive view of the surrounding country.

Clearing the village of Dalsersf,

**MAULDSLIE CASTLE,**

the seat of the Earl of Hyndford, a superb edifice of unusual beauty and ele-

Obtains a peep, it bends\* aside

Its rapid streams, to view with pleasure,

Th' effects of industry's rich treasure;

Then, slowly creeps, and glides along,

Enchanted by these banks, and song

Of sprightly birds, on ev'ry tree,

Alike rejoic'd these scenes to see.

\* Alluding to the sudden turn which the Clyde takes between Mauldslie and Dalsersf, describing a semicircle, by Mauldslie, Brounlee and Garion, and then continuing the line of its former course,

gance, situate on the north bank of the Clyde, about half a mile up the vale, bursts suddenly upon your sight.

This splendid structure, which is in the castled form, was begun by the present Earl of Hyndford, from a design of Robert Adam, Esq. in 1792, and was but lately finished. It is composed of various orders of architecture, of which the Roman is obviously the most prevailing. The extreme length of the building is one hundred and four feet, and the width, over the walls, fifty eight. A circular tower embraces each of the corners; and a semicircular projection, and two square towers, decorate the centre of the southern front. The whole ornaments are designed and executed with exquisite taste. The northern front is more lofty than the

southern, has an attick story in the middle, and surpasses it in symmetry and beauty.

About half a mile beyond Mauldslie castle, to the south, you reach the beautiful woodlands of Milton; and soon afterwards, you pass the house of Milton, seated on a peninsula of the river, the property of Mr. Brisbane.

Continuing your ride, for about a mile up the vale, you pass, on the north side of the river, the house of Waygateshaw, on the face of a rising ground, encircled by orchards, the property of Mr. Steel; a noble situation, and apparently susceptible of high improvement.

Soon afterwards, you reach a bridge.



over the Nethan, above which lies a picturesque and romantick glen, begirt with stupendous rocks; on one of which, at somewhat more than a mile from the road, rising abruptly from the Nethan, by which it is nearly encompassed, stand the ruins of the

#### CASTLE OF DRAFFEN,

or Craignethan, the retreat of Mary Queen of Scots after her escape from the castle of Lochleven. It is now the property of Lord Douglas, and ought not to be passed unseen.

About a mile beyond Nethan bridge, you reach the house of New Carfin, on the brink of a winding of the river; a neat, airy building, the property of Mr. Nisbet, surrounded by wild

and savage mountains, which, however, from the extent of their new plantations, promise, in a few years, to assume another appearance.

Soon after leaving Carfin, you enter the wood of Stonebyres, from the middle of which you descry the town and steeple of Lanark, a few miles before you. On emerging from this wood, a distant hollow noise, which comes murmuring on the breeze, announces your approach to

#### THE FALL OF STONEBYRES.

Pursuing your rout, for a few hundred yards farther, a direction board on your left, points out your road to this fall. Descending from your carriage, you proceed by a gravel-walk, formed

at the expense of Mr. Dale, of Glasgow, down a steep hill to the summit of a monstrous crag, overhanging the Clyde; where, surrounded with trees and coppice wood, and secured by a wooden palisade, that gentleman has placed a garden chair, from which you can with ease, with safety, and without anxiety or perturbation, contemplate the wonders of this sublime scene.

The fall of Stonebyres, though composed of three cascades, assumes, when the river is swoln by rains, the appearance of a single and almost perpendicular fall, of fifty-eight feet.\* For some length above the fall, the Clyde is not

\* The exact height of this fall, from the brink of the rock to the surface of the water, was, after a drought of some weeks, in March 1797, ascertained to be fifty-seven feet nine inches.



distinguishable by any violent agitation unless by a cascade of a few feet in height. Opposed, however, at the fall, by a range of rocks which intersect its bed and repel its progress, it becomes turbulent and noisy, it foams and boils, and, at last, overpowering all impediment, it thundering tumbles in one mighty torrent, down an awful precipice into a subjacent cavern, filling the atmosphere with its spray, and rocking the surrounding mountains to their base by its dreadful force and fury.

Leaving Stonebyres fall, and proceeding eastward, you soon cross the Clyde by Lanark bridge, about a mile from that town. A quarter of a mile below this bridge, on the north side of the Clyde, lie

# THE CARTLANE CRAGS,

in a den or valley, well meriting a visit, though it will be found almost inaccessible to a delicate traveller. This den is a wild and rugged spot, about a quarter of a mile in length, bounded by a range of precipitous and broken rocks, three hundred and fifty feet in height, scattered over with natural wood and planting; and, alternately receding on this side, and advancing on that, so as to form a singularly serpentine course for the river Mous, which so completely occupies the bottom of the den as scarcely to leave a foot path to the visitant.

This den was the occasional re-

treat of the renowned Sir William Wallace.

Returning to the bridge, and ascending the hill to Lanark, you see, at some distance nearly before you, Braxfield-house, the seat of Robert M'Queen of Braxfield, Esq. Lord Justice Clerk, commanding an extensive view of the Clyde and its picturesque banks; and, immediately below you, on your right, you pass Castlebank, the seat of Mr. Ballantine, commanding nearly the same line of prospect. After a few minutes ride, you reach

#### LANARK,

a small but ancient borough, pleasantly situate on an eminence overlooking the Clyde, two hundred and ninety-



two feet above the level of that river, and six hundred and fifty-six above the quay at the New-bridge of Glasgow. It contains five streets, besides a number of lanes and alleys.

Leaving Lanark to visit the other falls up the Clyde, about a mile from the town you turn to the right,\* and proceed down a foot path, of some hundred yards in length and of gradual declivity, till you arrive at the verge of a precipice, when, all at once, the village of

\* Travellers, in place of following this rout, frequently keep the high road with their carriages or horses, till they pass the house of Bonnyton, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Corra linn, whereby they lose the pleasure resulting from the sudden appearance of the mills and village of New Lanark. The better way, therefore, is to send forward the carriages or horses—take this road on foot to the mills, and, proceeding up the banks of the river to the falls, return by the high road to Lanark.

this infant colony, has reared to himself  
 one of the most magnificent  
 monuments of industry, genius  
 AND  
 MR. DALE'S COTTON MILLS

start up, as if by enchantment, from  
 the bottom of a deep and hollow vale  
 far beneath your feet.

This village, from its local situa-  
 tion, environed on all sides by the  
 steep and woody banks of the Clyde, is,  
 perhaps, the most romantick in the  
 island. The houses are all of stone, ele-  
 gant and lofty, and the streets, two in  
 number—which are about half a mile  
 in length—are broad, regular and clean.  
 Near the centre of the village, stand  
 the cotton mills; and, in front of these,  
 a neat small house, the occasional resi-  
 dence of the worthy owner, who, in

this infant colony, has reared to himself one of the most magnificent monuments of individual industry, genius and taste, that this nation yet can boast.

Although it was not the author's original intention to conduct his company to the contemplation of other scenes, than the beautiful and sublime of Nature, yet the splendid exterior of the mills of New Lanark, and the importance, in a national view, of their interior arrangement, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient apology for the following brief account of their erection and management.

The first of these mills, which is one hundred and fifty-four feet long, twenty-seven wide and sixty feet high, was



built in 1785. It was consumed by accidental fire in 1788, and rebuilt in 1789. The second, is exactly of the same dimensions. The third, is one hundred and thirty feet in length, thirty feet in width, and sixty in height; and the length of the fourth, is one hundred and fifty-six feet, the width thirty three, and the height seventy feet.

The two mills which were first built are completely filled; and contain twelve thousand spindles for spinning water-twist; and the other two are wholly occupied by jennies for the spinning of mule-yarn. These jennies, the first of the kind in Britain, are the invention of Mr. William Kelly, the manager for Mr. Dale.

The process of preparing and spinning the wool, which is principally performed by children, is extremely simple. After the wool is carefully picked from the pods and seeds, it is carded by cylindrical cards, moving against each other with different velocities. An iron hand, or comb, then scratches it, longitudinally with respect to its fibres or staple, from the cards, producing a continued line, loosely cohering, called a rove or roving. This rove is then drawn into a whirling canister, where it is rolled by centrifugal force, in spiral lines within it. Still too tender for the spindle, it is next passed between two pairs of rollers, the one of which moving faster than the other, elongates the thread with greater equality than can be done by the hand. It is afterwards twisted on spools or bobbins.

" So now where *Glotta* rolls his dusky floods,  
 " Through vaulted mountains and a night of woods,  
 " The nymph, *Gossypia*,\* treads the velvet sod,  
 " And warms with rosy smiles the wat'ry God.  
 " His ponderous oars, to slender spindles turns,  
 " And pours o'er massy wheels his foamy urns.  
 " With playful charms her hoary lover wins,  
 " And wields his trident while the Monarch spins.  
 — " First, with nice eye emerging Naiads cull,  
 " From leathery pods the vegetable wool;  
 " With wiry teeth revolving cards release,  
 " The tangled knots, and smooth the ravelled fleece.  
 " Next moves the iron hand, with fingers fine,  
 " Combs the wide card, and forms the eternal line.  
 " Slow, with soft lips, the whirling can acquires  
 " The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires.  
 " With quicken'd pace, successive rollers move;  
 " And these retain, and those extend, the rove.  
 " Then fly the spools, the rapid axles glow,  
 " And slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel be-  
 low."†

The number of persons, at present  
 employed at the work, amounts to  
 about fourteen hundred; of these, above

\* *Gossypia*, *Gossypium*. The cotton plant.

† Darwin.



five hundred are children, to whose health, education and morals, every possible attention is given.

For the preservation of their health, when at work, fresh air is constantly introduced into the mills, by opening the windows; and promoted by the rapid motion of many parts of the machinery, and by air holes, opened, in summer, below every second window. The air is, besides, kept pure by frequent brushings of the walls, cielings and floors; by washing the walls and cielings with new slacked lime; and, by weekly washings of the floors and machinery with scalding water.

Those who get their maintenance in lieu of wages, are lodged in one house, in six separate apartments, containing a

bed for every three children. The same attention is, here, paid to their health. The cielings and walls of their apartments, are white-washed twice a year with hot lime; and the floors are washed once a week with scalding water and sand. They sleep on wooden or cast iron bedsteads, on a bed tick filled with straw, which is changed once a month. A sheet covers the bed tick, and over that are thrown one or two pairs of blankets, and a bed cover, as the season requires. The bed rooms are swept, and the windows are thrown open every morning, in which state they remain through the day. The upper clothing, in summer, of both boys and girls, is of cotton, which, as they have spare suits, are washed once a fortnight. In winter, the boys are dressed in woollen cloth, and, as well as the girls, have complete

dress suits for Sundays. Their linens are changed once a week.

Their provisions are dressed in cast iron boilers, and consist of oat meal porridge for breakfast, and supper, and milk with it in its season. In winter, its substitute is a composition of molasses, fermented with some new beer, which is called swats. For dinner, the whole of them, have, every day, and in all seasons, barley broth made from fresh beef, which is divided among one half of the children, in quantities of about seven ounces english to each; the other half are served with cheese, in quantities of about five ounces english to each; so that they have alternately beef and cheese for dinner, excepting now and then a dinner of herrings in winter, and fresh butter in summer. To the beef and cheese is



added a plentiful allowance of potatoes, or barley bread, of which last they have also a portion every morning before going to work.

The hours of labour are eleven and a half each day, with the intermission of half an hour to breakfast, and a whole hour to dinner; and the greatest number of persons in one working room, is seventy-five; in some there are only fifty.

Seven is the hour of supper; half an hour after which, and as much sooner as possible, the teaching commences, and continues till nine o'clock. Sixteen teachers are employed; thirteen of them in teaching to read, two to write, and one to figure; besides a person who teaches sewing, and another who oc-

casionally, teaches church musick. It is specified, in writing, to the teachers, how far they are to carry forward their scholars, who are then transferred to the next higher class. On Sundays, such of the children as cannot go to church for want of accommodation, are kept at school; and, in the evenings, after publick worship, the usual teachers spend regularly three hours in giving religious instruction. Besides these evening schools, there are two day schools for children too young for work; which, as well as the evening ones, except the providing of books, are entirely free of expense to the scholars.

Out of nearly three thousand children employed at these mills between their erection in 1785, and January 1797,

only fourteen have died; and not one judicial punishment has ever been incurred. What ground for exultation and self-gratulation must this afford to the munificent owner? and what a field does it open for the indulgence of all the finer feelings of the human heart?

Proceeding up the banks of the Clyde, to the western extremity of the estate of Bonnyton, you cross a subterraneous aqueduct, three hundred feet in length, cut through the solid rock, for the purpose of conveying the water to the mills; and pass a small but beautiful and romantick fall of about eight feet in height, called Dundaff Linn. Here, a singular phenomenon begins to present itself. At a considerable distance before you, you descry a large dense vapour,



rising from the waters, like a cloud of thick smoke, and ascending, slowly, towards heaven. A hoarse and sullen noise too, begins here, to vibrate in your ears. As you proceed, vivid corruscations, tinged with all the varied hues of the rainbow, seem to irradiate the cloud; the noise also, gradually, increases as you advance, till reaching a seat placed directly in view of the

CORRA LINN,

a most ravishing scene, unparalleled in Britain, opens suddenly upon you. A cold and fearful shuddering seizes upon your frame. Your ears are stunned. Your organs of vision, hurried along by the incessant tumult of the roaring waters, seem to participate in their turbulence, and to carry you along with them

into the gulph below. Your powers of action and recollection are suspended. Though eager to be gone you become rivetted to the spot; and it is not till after a considerable time, that you begin to regain composure sufficient to contemplate, with any degree of satisfaction, the grand and awful objects here presented to your view.

The fall of Corra, like that of Stonebyres, is composed of three distinct cataracts or cascades; but so blended together when the river is full, as to exhibit only one grand fall of eighty-four feet.\* The bed of the river immediately above the lowest cataract, is of granite, and, besides being broken by

\* Measured at the same time with the Stonebyres fall, and found to be eighty three feet ten inches.

the other cataracts, is extremely rough and steep. Farther up, it is considerably contracted, and the banks on each side, a hundred feet in height, perpendicular, equidistant and regular—resembling, as Mr. Pennant expresses himself, “a stupendous natural masonry”—conspire to augment, by narrowing the stream, the inherent impetuosity of the waters. Picture, therefore, to yourself, the whole body of these waters, day after day, and night after night, with immense violence and velocity, and with a din so horrid and incessant as to unstring the nerves, and appal the soul, rushing over this rugged and abrupt bottom, into a dark and deep abyss. Figure them there, by their tumultuous agitation and endless repercussions, threatening instant ruin to all around. Throw into the picture the surround-



ing scenery—the lofty banks of the river, fringed with underwood, and crowned with stately trees of various kinds and form—the house of Corra, on the right, rocking from its base—the castle below, tottering\* o'er the fall—the mill, still farther down, drenched with the spray, and—the glittering exhalation hovering in the air; and then say whether it be enthusiasm to class this scene, among the noblest, most impressive and sublimely great, of Nature's wondrous works.

O Nature, lovely Nature! here I  
Trace, thy 'ev'ry form and lineament  
Divine'—recognize the hand  
That errs not; and the power,  
The Sov'reign power, of that all-potent He,  
“Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his  
“hand—Weighed the mountains in scales, and the  
“hills in a balance.”

\* In floods, the castle of Corra is sometimes so violently shaken as to spill water in a glass.

From the windows of a pavilion on the summit of the left bank, you have a grand view of this fall, and a retrospect of the village and mills of New Lanark; all of which you will also find invertedly reflected from antique mirrors in the inside.

Some hundred yards from the pavilion, in an extensive, though sour looking, lawn, stands the house of Bonnyton, a splendid modern mansion, the residence of Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan.

Following a most romantick walk, from the Corra linn, through the wood of Bonnyton, and hard by the precipitous banks of the narrow part of the Clyde, you reach the summit of a lofty rock, overhanging the river, which

presents you with the best, though a distant, view of

### THE FALL OF BONNYTON.

Still following the walk, for about a quarter of a mile, you arrive at the fall.

This fall is far inferior to that of Corra or Stonebyres. Its perpendicular height is only about twenty seven feet.\* For a considerable way above it, however, the Clyde has much more the appearance of a noble river, than at either of these falls. It is broad, deep, tranquil and majestick; and its banks are beautifully adorned with forest trees.

\* Measured at the same time with the Stonebyres fall, and found to be twenty-six feet six inches.



At the fall, it suddenly contracts, and, in one precipitate leap, dashes into a narrow channel below, recoiling sometimes in froth, enveloped in smoking spray; or seething, surlily along, over rocks and precipices towards the neighbouring fall.

The town of Lanark lies about thirty miles southwest of Edinburgh, and nine miles north of Douglas mill, on the road by Moffat to Carlisle; so that travellers from England, by whatever road they enter Scotland, may, if they choose, reverse the tour traced out in the foregoing sheets, by beginning it at Lanark, and ending with Stirling; whence they may proceed to Edinburgh, through a country equal in richness and beauty to any in Scotland. But the various scenes comprised in the preceding pages,

will, it is believed, be best contemplated by an adherence to the rout therein described.

THE END.

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 ed by an adherence to the route therein  
 described.

THE END.



## CONTENTS.

*Road from Glasgow, by Cumbernauld, to Stirling.*  
Page 9—30.

General view of the country.—Monkland Canal—  
Hogganfield loch—Frankfield house and loch—Garn-  
kirk—Bedlay—Tower of Banheath—Village of Cum-  
bernauld—Cumbernauld house—Castlecarr—Great  
Canal—River Carron, scene of the defeat of the Ro-  
mans by Oscar, ballad of Gill Morrice, Home's  
Douglas—House of Herbertshire—Village of Denny  
—House of Craigs—Auchinbowie—Burn of Ban-  
nock, scene of the defeat of the English by Robert  
Bruce, of the defeat and death of James the Third—  
Village of St. Ninians—Town of Stirling—Castle of  
Stirling—View from the Castle—Cambuskenneth.

*Road from Stirling, by Callander of Monteath, to the  
Trosbachs.* p. 30—58.

General view of the vale of Monteath—Ochertyre  
—Blairdrummond, magnificent Water Wheel, Moss  
of Kincardine, important Agricultural Improvement  
there, Colony on the moss—Village of Doune—Doune  
Castle—Newton—Cambuswallace—Lanrick—Balla-  
challan—Cambusmore—Village of Callander—Leney

Village of Kilmahog—Benledi—Lochvannachoir—  
Lochachray—Troshachs—Lochcatharine—Lochlub-  
naig—Loch of Monteath, curious pike fishing there  
—Lochard—Thornhill.

*Road from Stirling to Kinross.* p. 58—74.

General view of the country—Airthrie—Alva—  
Tillicoultry—Inn of Dollar—Castle Campbell—Cal-  
dron Linn—Rumbling Bridge—Devil's Mill—Town  
of Kinross—Kinross house—Lochleven, St. Serp's  
isle, Castle of Lochleven, Mary Queen of Scots con-  
fined here—Scene of the defeat of the English.

*Road from Kinross to Perth.* p. 74—89.

Paris—Wicks of Bigley—View of Strathern—  
Abernethy—Aiton—Balmanno—Wells of Pitcaithly  
—Kilgraston—Erne—Church of Dumbarney—Mon-  
crieff house—Dumbarney house—Moncrieff hill, re-  
trospect of Strathern—Hilton—Cloven Crag, View  
of Strathtay—Defeat of Galgacus by Agricola—  
Perth, Bridge, Inches, Gowry house—Scone, view  
from.

*Road from Perth to Inver inn near Dunkeld.* p. 89—102.

General view of the country—Loncarty, battle of  
—View of the vale at Dunkeld—Murthly—Stenton

—Birnam hill—River of, and bridge over, the Brän  
 —Inn of Inver—Abbey of Dunkeld—Cascade on  
 the Brän—Ossian's hall—Rumbling bridge—Niel  
 Gow.

*Road from Inver to Blair of Athol.* p. 102—111.

General view of the country—Dalguise—Glenalbert—Kinnaird—River Tummel—Inn of Mullenairn—Balleuchan—Donavard—Dumfallandy—Edradour—Balnakiellie—Baledmont—River Garry—Faskally—Pass of Killikrankie, battle of Killikrankie—Urard—Lude—Shierglass—Athol house—River Tilt, York cascade.

*Road from Blair of Athol to Kenmore and Taymouth.* p. 111—124.

View of the country—Village of Loggicraik—Regality Court-house of the Dukes of Athol—Easter-tyre—Ballechan—Pitnacree—Fyndynet—Clockfoldich—Derculich—Castle of Grandtully—Edradynate—Cluny—Killichassie—Tay bridge—Village of Aberfeldie—Moness—Falls of Aberfeldie—Village of Weem—Castle Menzies—Bulfraick—River Lion—Village of Kenmore—View from the village, Loch-tay, unusual agitation of—Taymouth, house of—Hermitage and cascade on the Acharn.



*Road from Kenmore to Killin.* p. 134—131.

View of the country—Benlawers—Finlarig castle—  
Killin—Bridge over the Dochart—Burial place of  
the family of M<sup>c</sup>Nabb—Burial place of Fingal.

*Road from Killin to Tyndrum.* p. 131—137.

Glendochart, view of the country—Inn of Liar-  
garstan—Achloin—Lochnure—Lochdochart—Ben-  
more—Floating island—Strathfillan—River Fillan,  
St. Fillan's pool—Tyndrum—Village of Clifton—  
Mountains of Bendoran.

*Road from Tyndrum to Inveraray.* p. 137—151.

Glenlochy, view of the country—Lochabie—Vale  
of Glenurchay—Inn of Dalmally—Lochaw—Castle  
of Kilchurn—Fraoch Elan—Mego, a tale—Inishail—  
Mount Cruachan—Bera, a tale—River Aray—Cas-  
tle and town of Inveraray—Doniquaich, view from  
—View from the inn—Drying barns—Lochfine.

*Road from Inveraray to Dumbarton.* p. 151—182.

Dunderagh castle—Ardkinglass—Village of  
Carndow—Glenkinglass—Lochrest—Rest and be  
Thankful—Glencro—Ardgartan—Lochloung—Inn  
of Arrochar—The Cobler—Inn of Tarbert—Loch-

lomond—Benlomond—Point of Farkin, view of  
 Lochlomond—Inchtavanach, Inchconogan, Inchlo-  
 naig, Inchmoan, Inchmurren, Inchcalloch, Inchfad,  
 Inchcrune, Inchgalbraith, Grange, Torremach—A-  
 gitation of Lochlomond—Village of Luss—Camstrad-  
 den—Rosedoe—Rosshouse—River Froon, massacre  
 of the Colquhouns—Arden—Bannachra—Belretiro—  
 Cameron—Wood bank—Broomlee—Bonhill—Cor-  
 dale—Village of Renton—Smollet's monument—  
 Dalquhurn, the birth-place of Smollet—Levenside—  
 Town of Dumbarton—Castle of Dumbarton, view  
 from, reduction of.

*Road from Dumbarton to Glasgow.* p. 182—205.

Dumbuck—Bishopton—Milton—Dunglas castle  
 —Auchintorlie—Friskiehall—Bowling bay—Village  
 of Old Kilpatrick, termination of Grahame's dyke—  
 Erskine house—Dalnotter hill, view from—Village  
 of Dalmuir—Mountblow—Sempill house—Great  
 Canal—Garscadden—Park—Paisley—Renfield—  
 Renfrew—King's Inch—Scotstown—Jordanhill—  
 Village of Partick—Kelvin—Village of Anderston—  
 Glasgow, Cathedral, College, Tolbooth, Town house,  
 Tontine Hotel and Coffee Room, Guildhall, St. An-  
 drew's Church, Green, Port Dundas, Aqueduct  
 bridge, Canal.

*Road from Glasgow, by Hamilton, to the Falls of the  
Clyde, near Lanark.* p. 205—249.

View of the country—River Calder—Village of  
Uddingstone—Bothwell castle—Bothwell house—  
Priory of Blantyre—Village of Bothwell—Bothwell  
Park—Craighead—Bothwell bridge, scene of the de-  
feat of the Covenanters—Town of Hamilton, Palace  
of Hamilton—Chatelherault—Barncluith—Cadzow  
River Avon—Dalziel house—Muirhouse—View of  
Dalepatrick—Cambusnethan Manse—Cambusnethan  
house—Garion tower—Brounlee—Village of Dalserf  
—Broomhill—Millburn—Mauldslic castle—Milton  
—Waygateshaw—River Nethan—Castle of Draffen,  
or Craignethan—New Carfin—Stonebyres wood—  
Fall of Stonebyres—Cartlane Crag—Braxfield house  
—Castlebank—Town of Lanark—New Lanark,  
Mr. Dale's Cotton Mills—Dundaff linn—Corra linn  
—House of Bonnyton—Bonnyton Fall.





